

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1888.

No. 5.

## Free Trade or Protection?

In the matter of **INSURANCE** it is the duty of every one owning property liable to be destroyed by fire, to seek

## PROTECTION

in some one of the reliable Companies represented by

**R. W. HILLIARD, Resident Agt., 2 Swan's Block, - ARLINGTON.**  
BOSTON OFFICE 33 CENTRAL STREET.

## LOTS OF GREAT BARAINS!

In Slightly Damaged

Boots, Shoes, Clothing, etc.

AT THE OLD CORNER.

**L. C. Tyler, Bank Building.**

## SEASONABLE GOODS!

—AT—

**F. P. WINN'S Pleasant Street Market.**

Canned Goods of every sort, put up expressly for him,

Bottled Cider, Assorted Nuts, Fruit, Malaga Grapes, Vegetables of all kinds, Minced Meat, ready for baking, a superior article. 5lb boxes of Butter, choice article.

Meat, Poultry and Game.

**ARE YOU READY?**

GO!

**To Robinson's, in Bank Block,**

and see the splendid array of

## Seasonable Goods

there displayed. Never before has such a large assortment been offered to the people of Arlington and vicinity. The stock embraces a full line of

**PLUSH GOODS, CARDS, ALBUMS, TOYS, DOLLS, BOOKS**  
of all kinds, Cologne, Stationery, Handkerchiefs, Etc.

Call early and get the best variety and also avoid the rush of the last day or two. Remember the place,

**Bank Block. I. E. Robinson.**

OUR STORE IN SWAN'S BLOCK CONTAINS

all the regular goods found in first class stores

## E. E. UPHAM,

—DEALER IN—

**Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Ham, Tripe, &c.**

**BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, CHEESE,**

**GAME and VEGETABLES** of all kinds in their SEASON.

ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

### PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of AMMI CUTLER, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased:

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Deborah L. Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or securities on her bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first TUESDAY of February next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court. Witness, GEORGE M. BUCKINGHAM, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Manure For Sale,

From several Stables of the West End Street Railway Co., at the South End, South Boston, and the Highlands. Apply to HENRY F. WOODS, Purchasing Agt., W. R. St. E. Co., 16 Kilby St., Boston.

### FOR RENT.

Westerly half of House corner Academy street and Arlington avenue. There are nine rooms, splendid cellar and good water, near churches, school house, cars, etc. For terms apply to the adjoining house, or to

C. S. PARKER, Advocate Office.

### S. P. PRENTISS,

Teacher of

**PIANO, ORGAN AND VIOLIN**

Director of Chorus and Orchestra.

Violins for Sale.

PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON.

### About Town Matters

IN ARLINGTON.

—The recent cold snap has kept the plumbers busy. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

—We are pleased to know that Mr. J. P. Squire, who has been quite seriously ill, is now rapidly convalescing.

—Y. P. S. C. E. meet at Congregational vestry, Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock. It is to be a "consecration" meeting, led by Mr. Edwin Mills.

—We regret to learn of the quite serious illness of Mr. Nathan Robbins, the veteran of Faneuil Hall Market. He is confined to his room and bed.

—Rev. Fred M. Upham, of Medford, will occupy the pulpit of the church at Arlington Heights, on Sunday both at the morning and evening service.

—Rev. F. A. Gray's subject at the Universalist church next Sunday morning, at 10:45 o'clock, will be "All True Progress in Life Made at the Cost of Sacrifice."

—The usual monthly sociable will be given in the vestries of the Congregational church, next Wednesday evening. After supper (served at 7 o'clock) a pleasant entertainment will be presented.

—The Consecration meeting of the Young People's Christian Union will be held Sunday evening, at six o'clock, in the small vestry of the Baptist church. Leader, J. Howell Crosby.

—The next meeting of the Arlington local circle of C. L. S. C. will be held at the residence of Miss Marston, Swan place, next Tuesday evening. A pleasant programme has been arranged.

—Last Tuesday Mr. James A. Bailey, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, returned from a two month's sojourn abroad, spent in England on business and pleasure. He returns in excellent health, having had a pleasant trip.

—The ladies of the sewing circle of the Building Fund connected with the Relief Corps of Post 36, presented Mrs. Horace D. Durgin with a handsome salad dish, at their meeting last Friday afternoon. The presentation speech was made by Mrs. Walter Russell, in a witty and informal manner.

—The Baptist church has an interesting feature for its missionary concert on Sunday evening. Rev. E. F. Merriam, of the Foreign Mission Society, will deliver a lecture on mission work in the "Dark continent," illustrating the same with the stereopticon. All are cordially invited.

—At the Congregational church, Sunday evening, Miss Gilbert, a teacher of the New West Commission, told the story of her recent work among the Mormons in a most interesting manner. An impromptu collection taken for her benefit was the best possible illustration of the effectiveness of her presentation of her theme.

—During several evenings this week Arlington avenue has presented the spectacle of almost a procession of sleighing parties in large and small teams, and the air has resounded to the tooting of horns

and the vocal music of the happy companies crowding the big sleighs and barges.

—Last evening, at the regular meeting of Hiram Lodge, Past Master Charles H. Prentiss was made the recipient of an P. M. Jewel, studded with diamonds, as a token of appreciation of his work as W. M. of the lodge. The presentation was at the hands of Mr. W. H. Poole, and those who listened speak of it as a remarkable happy effort.

—Wednesday evening an array of handsomely spread tables in the vestry of the Baptist church tempted the large company present into the broadest and most pleasant sociability, and so the evening was spent, there being no formal entertainment, as is often the case at the church gatherings of Arlington Baptist church.

—The company that gathered in Town Hall, last Wednesday evening, was smaller than it deserved to be, as the occasion was an entertainment in aid of the library of St. Malachy church. The performers were from Charlestown, all of them quite young, but they presented a bill in every way enjoyable and worthy of the applause freely granted.

—The first of a series of entertainments which are to take place in the Unitarian vestry, will be given Friday evening, Feb. 3rd, at 7:45 o'clock. The five act comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" will be presented, and with musical selections by an orchestra under direction of Prof. Prentiss, will form a very pleasing evening's entertainment. Admission 15 cents.

—The annual meeting of the Congregational church was held last Monday evening. The reports from the various organizations connected with the church all indicated an encouraging state of affairs, and that the benevolent work of the church has been well-sustained during the past year. E. H. Cook was chosen clerk; R. A. Ware, treasurer; Geo. H. Rugg, auditor; Messrs. E. O. Grover and Dr. F. Jones were named as church committee, and Edwin Mills was re-elected deacon for the term of three years. The selection of ushers was given to the social committee of the Y. P. S. C. E.

—Our readers will all be interested in the following report of the expenditures attendant upon the dedication of the soldiers' monument, on the 17th of June last, furnished by Wm. G. Peck, Esq., who acted as treasurer:—

Wm. G. Peck in account with Soldiers' Monument Dedication Fund:

To total subscriptions, "Arlington F. C. Savings Bank, Int.	DR.
	\$1033.00
	\$1033.00

BY PAID TO,	CR.
Geo. H. Gibson, badges,	\$5.35
J. M. Chase,	30.00
Wm. Tufts, caterer,	550.00
H. W. Spurr & Co.,	29.75
Baldwin's Cadet Band,	161.40
Clifford & Allen, chairs,	62.35
F. Lemme, florist,	3.75
C. Andrews, carriages,	40.00
Col. Wm. Beal, decoration,	75.00
Car fares Military Company,	5.00
D. Clark's barge,	5.00
James Martin & Son, use of tent,	70.00
H. C. Russell, Treas. Building Fund	70.00
Assoc'n (by vote of committee),	\$1.08
	\$1033.53

—After several months of feebleness, but a comparatively brief illness, Mr. John B. Hartwell died Jan. 19, in his 79th year. Mr. Hartwell was born in Bedford in June, 1808, and resided there until 1836, when he came to Arlington to work at his trade as carpenter. Five years later he was appointed "sexton and undertaker" for the First Parish church, and for a long series of years he filled that responsible position. In 1854 he was chosen town constable and served in that capacity, as well as filling his other duties, until 1868. As undertaker Mr. Hartwell made the first interment in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery (Rev. Mr. Damon, father of Mr. S. G. Damon) and of the nearly 2,500 now buried there all but a very few have had something of care at the hands of Mr. Hartwell, who now sleeps among the army he has helped to arrange. Mr. Hartwell was a charter member of Bethel Lodge, M. O. O. F., and was also a Mason, and the funeral was attended largely by members of the fraternity, the former having charge of the services, which were held in the First Parish church on Sunday.

—The grand concert given by the music committee of St. John's church, last Tuesday evening, in Town Hall, was in every respect the most artistic musical event of the season, and was a great success in that it drew out a large audience. Prof. S. B. Whitney had charge of the details, and although some of the soloists were very young, they possessed abilities of high order, sufficient to more than please the critical audience drawn out by the announcing of the programme. There were fourteen numbers, and most of them were assigned to the Mignon Quartette, made up wholly of female voices of excellent scope and clear blend-

ing qualities, and possessed of strong powers as soloists, as their respective numbers showed. The quartette consists of Misses Hattie W. Clark and Lura A. Gordon, sopranos; Nellie L. Woodbury and M. Adele Crossette, altos. Miss Olive Mead made her debut before an Arlington audience as a violin soloist, and her performance indicates she has a brilliant future before her. Hardly less interesting was the cello playing of Miss Ida Mead, and together they make a peculiarly strong instrumental duet. Variety and interest was also given to the programme by the singing of Mr. Fred Bond, who has a rich baritone voice, and Mr. Frank Young was strong in his place as accompanist for the evening. Prof. Whitney added to his laurels by the arrangement and conduct of this concert. We tender the music committee our congratulations upon the success of the affair.

—After several disappointments the Young People's Society of the Universalist church have had a pleasant evening for an entertainment, and scored a complete financial success. Last Friday evening they presented Trowbridge's "Coupon Bonds" in the vestry of their church, before an audience that crowded the room, and nothing given here of late has been more worthy of praise and commendation. Miss Carrie L. Higgins enlivened the occasion with music and Messrs. Bates and Wiggin contributed banjo music which gave great pleasure. The play has rarely had a better interpretation from amateurs, and all speak specially in praise of the work of the Russell boys, who evidenced much aptitude. The following is the full cast of the play:—

CAST.

PA DUCKLOW,	Geo. W. STOKER.
REUBEN, (Pa Ducklow's adopted son),	EDWIN H. CUTLER.
PARSON GRANTLEY,	WM. A. NICHOLS.
TADDO,	FRANK RUSSELL.
DICK ATKINS, { Boys,	CHARLES RUSSELL.
Farmers { JEPWORTH, { Neighbors,	
	FRANK A. RICHARDS, JAMES O. HOLT.
MA DUCKLOW,	Mrs. EASTY.
MISS BESWICK,	MISS FAYETTE FULLER.
SOPHRONIA, (Reuben's Wife),	MISS CARRIE HIGGINS.

—Last evening the social committee of the Y. P. S. C. E. gave an entertainment in the vestry of the Congregational church, designed especially for their own members, but open to any interested friends. Charles Doughty gave banjo selections which enlisted hearty encores, Miss Minnie Pierce gave recitations which received a similar mark of appreciation, as did also the vocal solos by Charles H. Prentiss. Following this came a charming little operetta "We shall have to mortgage the farm," with Mr. Prentiss and Miss Mabel Gott in the leading parts, supported by a strong chorus of members of the society. Refreshments were served at the close of the entertainment, making the evening one of rare pleasure to all who participated.

—The New Orleans Times-Democrat, of Jan. 15, has the following description of the marriage of a former resident of Arlington, that will be read with interest by her many friends here:—

"On Wednesday night, at the Episcopal church, the elite of the city assembled to witness the nuptials of Rev. Wm. Stokes, of Lamar, Miss., and one of Meridian's most accomplished young ladies, Miss Persis Dodge. Rev. C. S. Starkweather officiated. The beautiful chancel was brilliantly illuminated and decorated by festoons of evergreens. At 8 o'clock the soft notes of the wedding march, by Mrs. Hayes, announced the approach of the wedding party in the centre aisle on which had been laid a snow-white cloth extending from the vestibule to the chancel. The ushers were M. James, A. Smith Lakeman and Rev. Cody. The mother of the bride, accompanied by Rev. Cody, was followed by the bride leaning on the arm of her father, attired in white moire silk en traine, with satin and lace trimmings, and long flowing veil fastened by a coronet of white buds. She was met at the foot of the chancel by the groom who came from the vestry accompanied by the rector, the couple proceeding to the altar rail. The beautiful marriage ceremony was pronounced by Rev. Starkweather in his usual impressive and eloquent style. After the ceremony the party took carriages for the St. Charles Hotel, where an elegant reception was given to a few invited guests. The happy couple left Friday morning for their future home in Lamar."

—Some months ago a number of ladies specially interested in temperance work among the children organized in Arlington a branch of the Loyal Temperance Legion, which has been in excellent running order for some time. Wednesday evening they gave their first entertainment, the vestry of the Congregational church having been secured for the purpose, and the room was full of friends and well-wishers. The singing was under direction of Miss May Hardy (Miss Jennie L. Sprague at the piano), and the selections were well rendered. Mrs. E. M. Fuller, the superintendent, and Mrs. Gooding, her assistant, had charge of the exercises, which consisted of recitations, dialogues, solos, etc., the children covering themselves with credit in all they attempted and being rewarded with hearty

applause from those present. Rev. Dr. Mason and Rev. F. A. Gray made addresses of welcome, to which Master Prescott Gage made a neat response.

—The long record of five stormy Sundays has been broken, and although it was by far the coldest day of the season, and really inclement, it was welcomed as a pleasant day and enjoyed as such by crowds of people on our main thoroughfare in every sort of sleighing contrivance. The roads were never in better condition than on Sunday last.

### Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN LEXINGTON.

—The Base Ball Association certainly fulfilled all the promises they had made to the public and did much credit to themselves through their entertainment committee, in the presentation of their most novel and enjoyable concert and dance, on Tuesday evening. The same took place in Town Hall, before a large and enthusiastic audience, which was to be expected from the popularity of this organization as a local institution. The programme was a brief one, but was made so intentionally so as not to encroach upon the dancing party which concluded the affair. It fully made up in excellence what it lacked in length. The talent engaged for the occasion was the Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, assisted by Miss Jessie E. Ollivier, soprano, and Miss Lizzie May Hopkins, mezzo-soprano and Mr. J. Frank Sumner, of this town. An orchestra of four pieces engaged for the dance, opened the concert with an overture, which was followed with a solo by Miss Ollivier, smoothly and artistically rendered. The next selections were rendered on banjos and guitars, by the "Ideals" and in a manner to call out the loudest appreciation of the audience; and then Messrs. Lansing and Shattuck gave some enjoyable duets on the banjos from the opera Erminie. Number five in the programme was a solo by Miss Hopkins, who is certainly possessed of much musical talent and a voice of much power and richness. She sang her solos beautifully. The trio "Vita Galra," by Bongini, as played by Messrs. Harris, Lansing and Galeucia, the first two with mandolins and the last named with the guitar, was delightfully musical and well given. Mr. A. D. Grover's artistic banjo juggling was a decided hit and his feats were received in a flattering manner. This artist gave way to Mr. Sumner, who was received in a highly complimentary manner. He sang a charming selection of Helmda's and was given a hearty encore by his appreciative friends. The last number which completed the musical portion of the programme, was given by the full club of the Ideals on mandolins and guitars, and their selections were played in a manner to call out the most enthusiastic demonstrations by the assembly and the music was certainly bewitching. It speaks well for the talent presented when an audience gives each number a hearty encore, as was the case at this concert. At the conclusion of the programme the hall was rapidly cleared for the dancing party, which was not the least enjoyable feature of the occasion. President Locke did all in his power to make the party a social and enjoyable one, and we doubt not he succeeded.

—The closing of the Russell House during the entire winter last year did not cause the friends and patrons to forget the well earned and wide spread popularity of the house for the entertainment of sleighing parties, for since the opening of the house this winter, Mr. James Russell, the proprietor, has had one steady stream of guests ever since the sleighing began, whom he has entertained with his generous hospitality. On Friday evening of last week the large number of ninety-one persons took supper at the house, and on Monday of this week several parties were entertained, making in all ninety-four persons. Monday afternoon a party made up of some of the nurses from the Mass. General Hospital, Boston, enjoyed a ride to Lexington and a late dinner at the Russell House, and on Tuesday evening there were several parties present from different towns to the number of a 120. A feature which is much enjoyed is the music which is furnished by the proprietor, so that a social dance can be enjoyed, if desired, by the guests.

—Mr. George E. Munsey read a letter from Rev. Dr. March, who is travelling with Rev. Mr. Porter, at the last Friday night meeting of the church.

—Officer Mahoney has several cases which come before the Cambridge Police Court on the second Monday in February, which is the 12th inst.

—In spite of the inclement weather below are most of the town's gun clubs have been out on their annual carnival on each evening.



It has been recently shown by statistics that the difference between the wages of men and women in this city who do the same work is from \$1 to \$12 a week in favor of the men.

The New York Herald thinks "it is more than probable that De Lesseps' Panama ditch, if it is ever finished, will not be big enough to hold all the poor fellows who have died while digging it."

Dr. Gross, of Geneva, Switzerland, has lately experimented with himself in hanging. His experiments established that the sensations were only warmth and a burning in the head, without convulsions. Of course his experiments didn't go very far.

During the last season on the great lakes, it is estimated, more than two hundred lives were lost and \$2,500,000 worth of property destroyed. Seventy-six steamers, forty-three schooners, six tow barges, and eight tugboats were lost or damaged.

Indiana is proud because she claims to be the first State to adopt a daily weather service. The headquarters are to be at Indianapolis, from which one hundred telegrams will be sent out each morning early, giving the probabilities for twenty-four hours in advance.

Saxony and Thuringia are the home and paradise of dolls. The annual production of dolls' stockings alone in Saxony is 35,000 dozen. Thousands of shoemakers find constant employment in making dolls' shoes. The export of dolls to England, France and America is very large, and increasing every year.

The Electrical Review says that the uselessness of the lightning-rod is becoming so generally understood that the agents find their vocation a trying one. Fewer and fewer rods are manufactured each year, and "the day will come when a lightning-rod on a house will be regarded in the same light as a horseshoe over a man's door."

San Francisco has more representatives in the United States Senate than any two other cities in the country. The California Senators, Stanford and Hearst, have residences in San Francisco, as have also the Nevada Senators, Stewart and Jones. Stewart practices law at the San Francisco bar, and Jones is a member of the San Francisco Exchange.

Alabama is going ahead fast, according to the reports of a correspondent, who writes that in ten years the State has increased her taxable property from \$125,000,000 to \$215,000,000; and in the past year Jefferson County, of which Birmingham is the county seat, has increased \$26,000,000 in tax value. The total increase in the State for the year was \$41,691,703.

Albert M. Thompson has arrived in this country and is going to study medicine in the Medical College of Indiana. The interest of this announcement is in the fact that he is a full-blooded Vey negro, the son of Dowanna, King of the Upper Peron County, and Sandymanda, Queen of Jarbaca. His African name is Momora. He is twenty years old and well educated, having studied at Cape Mount, West Africa.

Cremation is rapidly pushing to the front in Europe. The new crematory at Stockholm, Sweden, burned its first body, that of the late rendant of the Likbraenningsforeningen (cremation society) Kjellerstedt, on October 15. From that day to December 6 nineteen corpses were incinerated. A crematory is in course of erection at Zurich, Switzerland. Another is to be built at Basel on the same plan. At Hamburg, Germany, the erection of a crematory will commence next spring. The cremation society at Berlin has secured the ground for a crematory.

The Albany Argus says that a crusade against cigarette smoking has been inaugurated along the Hudson River, and what is termed "a moral boycott" is the instrument used to bring about the desired result. Physicians say the number of cases of serious illness traceable to the pernicious effects of cigarette smoking is very large, and that it is high time to call a halt. Results of the crusade can be seen in Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Newburg, etc., where signs are displayed: "No Cigarettes Sold to Boys Here." The movement is being warmly indorsed by clergymen, educators and others.

Bush Otter, a young Sioux, is the only full-blooded Indian who was ever employed by an Executive Department of the United States Government. The Geological Survey has for some time past employed Otter, who is well educated, to prepare for publication a series of Indian legends which he learned in his father's wigwam when a child. Otter repaired to Hedgeville, W. Va., last summer to pursue his literary work in that quiet town. There he met a charming white girl with whom he fell in love. His pay of \$40 a month did not seem sufficient to him in the light of contemplation matrimony and he struck for higher wages. The Geological Bureau refused to raise his salary and Otter became a man of letters.

#### MY LIFE.

O life, my life!  
Child of the deep, unfathomable night!  
Thou child of terror, child of joy and light,  
Of peace and strife,  
O thou, my life!  
O life, my life!  
Begot in passion, and in sorrow born!  
By warring doubts bewildered and torn—  
With tumult rife  
Art thou, my life.  
O life, my life!  
By shadows vainly vexed, by shadows joyed;  
Vain hands outstretching to'ard the un-  
answering void:  
With silence rife  
Art thou, my life!  
Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in Independent.

#### ARMSTRONG'S LESSON.

In the early days of California—the olden days of gold, or the golden days of old, as you please—in a certain miner's camp on Yuba River there lived a queer genius named Armstrong. He was an honest miner, not differing materially from his fellows, excepting that he had a curious habit of talking to himself. From the simple reason that he departed from the common custom in this one particular he was of course voted crazy by the other miners. To call all persons "crazy" who do not follow the customs of the majority is a constant habit with men. But day after day Armstrong worked away with his pick and shovel, caring nothing for the remarks of his neighbors, and seeming to wish for no partner in his toil or rest save the invisible personage whom he always addressed in the second person singular, and with whom he was almost in close and earnest conversation. The drift of his talk while at work would be as follows:

"Rather tough work, Armstrong—rich dirt, though—grub \$1 a pound—no time to waste—pitch in, sir—hanged if I don't wish I was in the States. This mining's mighty hard work. Nonsense, Armstrong, what a fool you are to be talking that way, with three ounces a day right under your feet, and nothing to do but just to dig it out."

His conversation would be duly punctuated with strokes of the pick and lifts of the loaded shovel. And so the days would pass along, and Armstrong worked and slept and talked with his invisible partner. Well, it happened in due course of time that the class of human vampires commonly called gamblers made their appearance at the camp where Armstrong had been working. As he was not above following the example of his fellows, he paid the newcomers a visit. It is the same old story. After watching the game awhile he concluded it was the simplest thing in the world. So he tried his luck and won—\$100! Now, any new experience would send Armstrong to thinking and talking to himself worse than ever. It was so this time. "Now, Armstrong," he said, as he hesitated about going to work the next morning, "that is the easiest \$100 you ever made in your life. What's the use of your going into a hole in the ground to dig for three ounces a day? The fact is, Armstrong, you are sharp. You are not made for this kind of work. Suppose you just throw away your pick and shovel, leave the mines, buy a suit of store clothes, dress up like a born gentleman, and go at some business that suits your talent."

Armstrong was not long in putting these thoughts and sayings into action. He left the diggings and invested in fine clothes. He looked like another man, but he was still the same Armstrong, nevertheless. He was not long in finding an opportunity to try a new profession. Walking forth in his fresh outfit he had just concluded a long talk with himself about his bright prospects when he halted in front of a large tent with a sign over it: "Miners' Rest." Armstrong went in. It did not seem to him that he remained very long, but it was long enough to work a wonderful revolution in his feelings. When he came out he was a changed man—that is to say, he was a "changeless" man. He was thunder-struck, amazed, bewildered. He had lost his money, lost his new prospect, lost his self-conceit—lost everything but his new clothes and habit of talking to himself. It is useless to say that he was mad. Armstrong was very mad. But there was no one to be mad at but Armstrong himself, so self number two was in for a rough lecture.

"Now, Armstrong, you are a nice specimen—you fool—you talk—you dead-beat—you inf—" Well, I need not repeat all the hard things he said. Like King Richard, he "found within himself no pity for himself."

But mere words were not sufficient. It was a time for action. But Armstrong never once thought of drowning, shooting, hanging or any other form of suicide. He was altogether too original, as well as too sensible for that. Yet he was resolved on something real and practical in the way of reformatory punishment. He felt the need of a self-imposed decree of bankruptcy that should render the failure as complete as possible, and prevent a similar course in the future.

So the broken firm of "Armstrong & Self" went forth in meditation long and deep. Some of his thoughts were almost too deep for utterance. But finally he stood by the dusty road along which the great freight wagons were hauling supplies to the mining camp up the Sacramento. One of these wagons, drawn by six yoke of oxen, was just passing. Snap, snap, snap, in slow irregular succession, came the keen, string reports of the long Missouri ox whip. "G'lang! g'lang! wo-haw!" shouted the tall, dust-begrimed driver, as he swung his whip and cast a sidelong glance at the broken firm, wondering "What all them store clothes was a dolt' thar." Now, when Armstrong saw the long column of white dust rising behind that wagon he was taken with an idea. So he shouted to the driver to know if he might be allowed to walk in the road behind the wagon.

"Get in and ride," said the driver.

"No," said Armstrong, "I wish to walk."

"Then walk, you crazy fool," was the accommodating response, as the driver swung his whip.

Then came the tug of war. Greek never met Greek more fiercely than did the two contending spirits composing the firm of Armstrong & Self at that particular moment.

"How, Armstrong," said the impatient head of the firm, "you git right

in the middle of that road, sir, and walk in that dust behind that wagon."

"What, with these clothes on? Why, it is fifteen miles, and dusty all the way."

"No matter, sir; take the road. You squander your money on three-card monte; I'll teach you a lesson."

"G'lang! g'lang!" drawled the driver, as he looked over his shoulder with a curious mingling of pity, contempt or wonder on his dusty face. More and more spitefully snapped the swinging whip as the slow-paced oxen toiled mile after mile under the heat of a September sun. And therein the road trudged Armstrong behind the wagon; slowly, wearily, thoughtfully, but not silently. He was a man who always spoke his thoughts.

"This serves you right, Armstrong. Any man who will fool his money away at three-card monte deserves to walk in the dust."

"It will spoil these clothes."

"Well, don't you deserve it?"

"The dust will my eyes."

"Yes; any man who gambles all his dust away at three-card monte deserves to have dust in his eyes—and alkali dust at that."

"The dust chokes me."

"All right; any man who will buck at monte deserves to be choked. Keep the road, sir—the middle of the road—close up to the wagon. Do you think you will ever buck at monte again, Armstrong?"

And so the poor culprit, self-arrested, self-condemned, coughed and sneezed and choked and walked and talked, mile after mile, hour after hour, while the great wagon groaned and creaked, the driver bawled and swung his whip, the patient oxen gave their shoulder to the yoke, and the golden sun of September sank wearily toward the west. The shadows of evening were beginning to fall when the wagon halted at the place called Packer's Roost, on the Yuba.

"Here we rest," sighed Armstrong, just above his breath, as he looked at the stream. "No you don't," answered the head of the firm. "You buck your money away at monte and talk about rest." "Now, Armstrong, go right down the bank, sir, into the river." As the command was peremptory and a spirit of obedience seemed the safest, Armstrong obeyed without parley and down he went, over his head and ears, store clothes and all, into the cold mountain stream. It was a long time that he remained in the water and under the water. He would come to the surface every little while to talk, you understand. It was impossible for Armstrong to forbear talking. "Oh, yes," he would say as he came up and snuffed the water from his nose, "you'll buck your money away at three card monte, will you? How do you like the water cure?" His words were, of course, duly punctuated by irregular plunges and catchings of the breath.

It so happened that the man who kept the shanty hotel at the Packer's Roost had a woman for a wife. She, being a kind-hearted creature, besought her lord to go down and "help the poor crazy man out of the water."

"Pshaw," said the ox driver, "he ain't a crazy man; he's a fool. He walked behind my wagon and talked to himself all the way from Scrabble-town."

Thereupon arose a lengthy discussion about the difference between a crazy man and a fool. But after a while the landlord and the ox driver went down to the bank and agreed to go Armstrong's security against bucking at monte in the future if he would come out of the water. So he came out and went up to the house.

"Will you have a cup of tea or coffee?" said the woman, kindly.

"Yes, madam," said Armstrong, "I will take both."

"He is crazy, sure as can be," said the woman. But she brought the two cups as ordered. "Milk and sugar?" she inquired, kindly as before.

"No, madam, mustard and red pepper," answered Armstrong.

"I do believe he is a fool," said the woman, as she went for the pepper and mustard.

Armstrong, with deliberate coolness, put a spoonful of red pepper into the tea and a spoonful of mustard into the coffee. Then he poured the two together into tin cup. Then the old conflict raged again, and high above the din of rattling tin cups and pewter spoons, sounded the stern command: "Armstrong, drink it, sir—drink it down." A momentary hesitation and a few desperate gulps and it was down. "Oh, yes," said our hero, as his throat burned and the tears ran down his eyes, "you buck your money away at three-card monte, do you?"

Now, the Thompsonian dose, above described, very nearly ended the battle with poor Armstrong. He was silent for quite a time, and everybody else was silent. After a while the landlord ventured to suggest that a bed could be provided if it was desired. "No," said Armstrong, "I'll sleep on the floor. You see, stranger," said he, eyeing the landlord with a peculiar expression, "this fool has been squandering gold dust at monte—three card monte—and does not deserve to sleep in a bed."

So Armstrong ended the day's battle by going to bed on the floor. Then came the dreams. He first dreamed that he was sleeping on the North Pole and his head "in the tropics, while all the miners in Yuba were ground-slucing in his stomach. Next, he dreamed that he had swallowed Mount Shasta for supper, and that the old mountain had suddenly become an active volcano and was vomiting acres and acres of hot lava.

Then the scenes shifted, and he seemed to have found his final abode in a place of vile smells and fierce flames, politely called the antipodes of heaven. And while he writhed and groaned in sleepless agony a fork-tall fiend was saying to him in a mocking voice: "You buck your money away at three-card monte, do you—hey?" But even this troubled sleep had an end at last, and Armstrong arose. When he looked at himself in the broken looking-glass that hung on the wall he thought his face bore traces of wisdom that he never saw there before. So he said: "I think you have learned a lesson, Armstrong. You can go back to your mining now, sir, and leave monte alone."

Time showed that he was right. His lesson was well learned. The miners looked a little curious when he reappeared at the camp, and still called him crazy. But he had learned a lesson many of them had never learned, poor fellows.

They continued their old ways, making money fast and spending it foolishly—even giving it to monte dealers. But the Armstrong firm was never broken in that way but once. After that, whenever he saw one of the peculiar signs: "Robbers' Roost," "Fieccers' Den," or "Pools' Last Chance," Armstrong would shake his head with a knowing air and say to himself as he passed along: "Oh, yes, Armstrong, you've been there; you know all about that; you don't buck your money away at three card monte—not much.—Overland Monthly.

#### Some of Last Year's Inventions.

According to the New York Sun, here are some of the inventions made during 1887:

A small, round rubber mat, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change, and from which the customer easily picks it.

A cheese cutter, consisting of a swing knife by which the grocer can, with certainty, cut ten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.

A balloon which carries a lightning rod high in air over an oil tank.

A cigar selling machine that drops out an all-Havana, clips the end off, and exposes a match and a piece of sandpaper, whenever a nickel or lead blank is dropped in a slit in the side of the machine.

A nose protector (Idaho invention), by which a woolen pad is snugly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather.

An electrical boot blacking machine, in which a brush is rapidly revolved in a non-rotating handle. The whirling brush brings the shine in one-tenth of the time of the old vibratory elbow method.

A rubber funnel which may be fitted over the head, big end up, so as to enclose all the hair while the barber shampoos a customer. A tube hangs down behind, so as to carry away the suds, while a hose for flushing out the hair, a funnel and a tube are provided.

A monster bicycle, with places for two men in a basket swung below the axle, who operate the machine with levers geared to the axle.

A decoy duck with a variety of detachable heads.

An air pump to force oil from a tank on a ship over a stormy sea.

A fan rotated by the wheels of a baby carriage to keep the flies off the baby.

A church pew that looks like a pew, but has comfortable chairs within.

A device which will prevent the most restless individual from kicking the clothes off the bed. It is the invention of a Chicago woman.

A new gun with a battery in the stock, and cartridges which have coils of platinum wire where the cap is. Pressing the trigger connects the coil with the battery.

A combined rocking chair and cradle (indescribable).

A combined kitchen ventilator and clock winder, being a device for connecting the ventilator wheels commonly placed in windows with the family clock.

#### Bismarck at Home.

A German paper publishes some interesting details of the daily life of Prince Bismarck. Everybody knows, says our contemporary, that the Prince hardly ever gets up before noon, unless he has to attend an important Parliamentary meeting. But it must be remembered that he only goes to bed after working till 2 A. M. every night. In the Chancellor's bedroom a lamp is kept burning all the night, numbers of messages often requiring his personal attention being brought in during the night. In consideration of the late hours kept by the Prince, supper is served late in the evening, and seldom finished before midnight. Beside the Princess Bismarck, Count and Countess Rantzau partakes of almost every meal, regularly leaving the palace at 10:45 P. M., when a second-class cab always takes them home. Bismarck's birthday is always a great feast and holiday for the servants of the house. In the kitchen a barrel of wine is provided by Princess Bismarck, two bands are in attendance, and the servants' families appear on the scene. The Prince comes down, talks with the guests, and distributes sweets to the children. The pleasant relations between master and servant are also evident from the fact that the Princess always gives six Easter eggs to each of the servants. The domestic police for the Prince consist of a Sergeant and eight constables. If the Prince is away from home four constables go with him and four remain at the house, and all of them are entitled to arrest any suspicious person, be it at Berlin, at Friedrictshagen, or at Varzin. It was at Varzin where Bismarck's large dog Sultan was poisoned. The Princess declared at the time that she would make provision for life for anyone who could point out the prisoner. Sultan was more intelligent than Tyras, but Tyras is more faithful of the two, and will take food out of the hand of any member of Prince Bismarck's family, but never from a servant, as one of the footmen has learned to his regret. It is well known that at Berlin the Chancellor is rarely seen, and only some of the inhabitants of the Vor Scrape have the privilege of seeing him sometimes walking in his grounds.

#### Brain Development.

The man who possessed the heaviest brain yet weighed was an American blacksmith, who does not seem to have been otherwise remarkable, even for the excellence of his iron work. Since that time, however, though great pains have been taken to ascertain the brain weight of celebrated men, not one record exists of the brain-weight of famous women. The brain of George Eliot was specially remarkable. The following passage occurs in her life: "Mr. Bray, the enthusiastic believer in phrenology, was so much struck with the grand proportions of her head that he took Mariah Evans up to London to have a cast taken. He thinks that, after that of Napoleon, her head showed the largest development, from brow to ear, of any person recorded."—Woman's World.

#### Prairie Dog Towns.

There is a chain of prairie dog towns along the Texas and Pacific Railroad for a distance of 100 miles; some of the villages cover five acres of ground. Hunters say it is almost impossible to kill one of the dogs and get his body, so quickly does he dive into his hole at the explosion of a gun. Deluging their holes with water will not drive them out.

#### NEWS AND NOTES ON WOMEN.

Three million women work for money in this country.

There are two women dentists in London. Both are meeting with success.

White lambs' wool trims silver-gray suits prettily for young girls and children.

There is more trimming than actual bonnet in the latest feminine style of headgear.

Hand-painted bolting cloth pillow shams and bedspreads are a new kind of extravagance.

Twenty-six new women suffrage societies have been organized in Kansas since October 1.

Bangles of silver threads are new, and one is supposed to wear at least two dozen on the arm.

Women's fashions for stormy days are almost as effective and stylish as those for sunny ones.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor's annual income was estimated at \$100,000 or over, and this entire sum was spent in charity.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who is in Florence, Italy, has received \$8,000 from an English magazine for her story, "Sara Crema."

Miss Julia Cook has been appointed medical examiner to a London insurance company. Her duties are confined to women applicants.

When passementerie is used upon black dresses, apple green, cherry red, or white silk is often inserted beneath the gimp, with excellent effect.

Some new black jackets of English manufacture have heavy cord epaulettes, and show a narrow waistcoat of red cloth, bordered with gold buttons.

When a girl wears a flower garniture to her party dress she uses the perfume of the flower that form the bouquets, garlands, and parure or spray for the hair.

Mrs. Diaz, wife of the Mexican President, has established an extensive day nursery in the City of Mexico to look after children whose mothers are out working.

Many petitions are being presented to the Washington Territory legislature asking the re-enactment of the woman-suffrage law, but exempting women from jury duty.

Novel boas are made of ice wool in beige and gray, the former resembling otter, the latter blue fox. Made of light blue, pink, or cream, they are a pretty and inexpensive wrap for the throat in the evening.

In hats the three shapes most in Parisian favor are the high-crowned with wide, drooping brim cut narrow at the back; the wide flat hat, with brim looped high at one side, and the bell-crown, with rolling brim.

For day gowns English women much affect the Garibaldi waist—not the skirt-like concoction we know by the name, but something with pointed yoke and trim belt, sloping sharply to the hips from a long back and a longer front.

The very newest garniture is the ten-end bow, made of watered ribbon with ten-pointed drooping ends and five or six upright loops closely strapped. It is worn at one side of the headgear, and offset by a huge dahlia rosette on the other side, to whose making in the height of style six yards of ribbon are necessary.

A German author saying that women in some departments of literature have entirely supplanted men, gives as a reason that women are carried away with the current of the day. "In art, as well as life, they always follow the latest fashion, are realists of to-day, always sure to appeal to the taste of the moment."

The women of Paris have adopted for the winter season a waggie in their walk. The art of waggling gracefully in furs is being taught at the best dancing schools. The correct waggie is described as a short step and an undulating sweep. It is said to be much more graceful than the mannish stride that prevailed during the summer.

"One of the latest novelties," says a notion merchant, "is lace made of steel. It is pronounced by milliners and dress-makers to be exquisitely beautiful as a trimming, and they say it is also suitable for ladies' underwear. On ball-room costumes it will do well enough, but for picnic dresses there would be danger in a thunder-storm."

Wool now outranks silk for street and general wear, and this is due to the prestige imparted to it by fashion, which in time will be reinforced by sense and experience, so that woolen materials, healthful, diversified, durable, may also be set down as a safe investment, sure, now they have come in such varied and attractive as well as useful guise, to stay.

Mrs. George Gould (nee Edith Kingston) of New York had a handsome present. It was an ostrich feather fan. The sticks were mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold. On each was set a tiny gold rose, and in the heart of each rose sparkled a diamond. The ostrich feathers were thick and heavy, each being chosen expressly for its position. The whole made the daintiest of toys, and cost \$1,000.

Word comes from Paris that women's fashions are veering around to the Directory styles. As Olive Logan expresses it: "We shall have Kate Greenaway for grown ups. The waist under the arm-pits if universally accepted as beautiful, will solve at once the terrible problem of how to be stylish and yet avoid tight lacing; that is, it should do so. No waist being outlined no lacing is required."

Ribbons play a great part in the evening dress of young girls this season and add an important item to the cost. They are used in cream, gold or small brocade stripes upon tulle, or alternating with lace to form skirts which hang straight and bodices which are narrowed in at the waist with a little fullness and widen at the top. These lovely skirts are made over others of net or tulle, and these over an underskirt of silk with narrow plaiting and a deeper one of silk and net laid in the interior.

#### Cause and Effect.

EFFECT.  
A corpse lay brown stiff with ice,  
Embedded with gore.

#### CAUSE.

He failed to heed this strange device  
"Don't drink beer."

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram.

#### THE AESTHETIC OWL.

The owl sits perched on the hemlock tree  
As wide awake as an owl can be,  
The sky is clear and the air is still,  
And he hoots to the night as long as he will.

Oh! the light of the sun is no light for him,  
Give him the moon and the starlight dim,  
For all the hours of the garish day  
Deep in the thicket he blinks away.

To-wit! to-whoo! there's another shout,  
From the midst of the forest the cry breaks  
out;

It comes from the heart of the doddred oak

And he knows full well the voice that spoke,  
'Tis the signal shout that his mate has made.

Away! it is time for their nightly raid.

Softly and slow through the gloom they go,  
Winging their way over field and wood,  
While their eyeballs stare with a fiendish glare

At the thought of blood.

Woe to the mouse that is out of his hole,  
One squeak and the victim is swallowed whole.

And struggling and raw in that ravenous maw

He lies by the side of the delving mole.

The little songsters are all at rest

In leafy cover or cosy nest,

Not a thought or care or dream of fear,  
Though their deadly foe is hovering near.  
One blow and the sharp beak drips with gore

And the hapless minstrel sings no more.

Savage of heart with a show of sense,  
Made up of feathers and sheer pretense,  
Light-hating creature, moping and dull,  
Mere glimmerings of thought in his muddy skull.

What title has he to wisdom's crest?  
Out on the owl! he's a fraud at best.

But when at last he has met his fate;  
Like many a spoiler men call great,

Aloft and mounted his praise is heard,

And aesthetes say: "What a lovely bird!"

—Hartford Courant.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Some acrobats are fresh, and somewhat. [Circus tickets go with this.]

The difference between an epicure and an ascaphist is that one's a mighty diner and the other's a dynamiter.—Washington Critic.

At the museum—Mrs. N.—"My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apollonaris.—Life.

The man who says "I told you so,"  
At each mischance, has been laid low.  
We knew that he'd get killed; you know  
That we have often told you so.

—Tid-Bits.

There are lots of men in this world who are born to rule, but the other fellows are such a pack of ignoramuses that they can't be made to realize it.—Merchant Traveler.

An all-round has placed the following placard over his coal-bin: "Not to be used except in case of fire." The cook's relatives are in consternation.—Burlington Free Press.

Mrs. Chargeitplease—"Good morning, Mr. Takemasure. I should like to see something in the way of a small check." Mr. Takemasure (fervently)—"So should I."—Detroit Free Press.

Very Sick Husband (to weeping wife)—"It may come out all right yet, my dear; so don't cry." Weeping Wife—"I can't help it, John. You know how easily I am moved to tears."—New York Sun.

A mud river Indian was mistaken for a deer the other day and shot. As they picked him up he declared that all the pain was assuaged by the evidence that somebody had some use for him.—Tid-Bits.

Country Minister (to deacon)—"Deacon, you have a reputation of knowing something about horses. I've got an animal that's balky. What do you do in such a case?" Deacon—"I sell him."—Accident News.

There is one thing a woman can do which a man cannot, and that is set a hen. All the softer parts of her nature vanish in the contemplation and performance of the act—she sinks her sex beyond Amazonian possibilities.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of reference, "the book-keeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at his books." "Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two, you remember." "Yes, I had duplicated made, in case of accident. And the other one?" "Oh, sir, I took good care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know." "And is the other all right?" "Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."—Boston Transcript.

#### A Sceptic as to Hydrophobia.

Recent alleged cases of death by hydrophobia moved C. J. Peshall, who is one of the greatest authorities living on canine lore, to again lift his voice against a belief in the existence of the much dreaded disease.

"I do not believe," he says, "there is any such disease as rabies. Dogs, like other animals, must pay the debt of nature and die from disease. A dog's brain may become affected from a disease, and when so affected the animal may even bite his own master, but if the wound is properly treated by a physician no bad effect will follow. History teaches us that for thousands of years the dog has been domesticated and has become the almost constant companion of man. That man has made the most extensive use of this animal in every way, and I now think it is time we should begin to give the dog his dues, and do justice to him and his race."—Graphic.

#### Treatment of Owls.

A rural friend of mine, who enjoys trifling with old superstitions, has a pair of owls which he keeps on his piazza. Summer and Winter. He enjoys the strange noises which they make at night; and instead of attributing them to weird influences, assumes that they are due to hunger or indignation on the part of the birds of wisdom. At all events, he claims that by supplying the owls with raw meat and Jamaica ginger they escape into silence for the night.—Boston Post.



## A FLORAL WONDERLAND.

UNIQUE EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE GARDENING AT TOKIO.

Extraordinary Designs in Chrysanthemums—A Walking Flower Piece—A Floral Murderess.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Japan, gives the following minute description of the wonderful exhibitions of floral art to be seen in the suburban gardens of Tokio, which are doubtless far and away the finest gardens in the world:

There is nothing in all Tokio more unique, picturesque, Japanese and unusual than this collection of florists' gardens on a hillside. No one goes to Dango-zaka except in the chrysanthemum season, and the little community tend, prune, dwarf and cultivate their plants in peace until the chrysanthemums begin to flower. Then Dango-zaka becomes a gay fair. Banners, flags, pennants, lanterns and gorgeous posters fill the sides of the steep, narrow street, holiday crowds trudge up and down, and before every garden entrance an eloquent proprietor sits, Turk-fashion, on a table covered with a red blanket, and holding his hands over a *hibachi*, or brazier of charcoal, and sings the merits of his chrysanthemums. The little gardens themselves are models of landscape art and arrangement, all so many poems in rocks, trees, vines and flowers. Dwarf pines, dwarf maples, dwarfed everything, arranged in prosaic rows or benches, but the pet chrysanthemum bushes are now housed in temporary huts or sheds of bamboo mats, in order that not a petal may uncurl or drop, and that they may be kept at their perfect stage as long as possible. Bushes as tall as those in the Emperor's garden, and covered with as superb and finely-tinted blossoms, are there, but not in such regiments as in the imperial grounds. These florists, too, have their bushes bearing 100 and 200 separate and full-blown flowers, and bushes where skillful grafting has made the great top of variegated blossoms look like one well-arranged bouquet of long-stemmed flowers.

The specialties of Dango zaka gardens are set pieces of flowers that dwarf all other floral efforts in that line. Under matted sheds, which are so many temporary stages without footlights, tableaux with life-size figures are arranged. The faces and hands of the figures are of wax or composition, but their clothes and the accessories and scenery are made of living flowers, trained so closely over frameworks that one cannot even suspect a mechanism. The flowers are not clipped, and wired or tooth-picked into place to wait in a day, but the plants forming the lower parts of the pieces grow in the ground. For the upper courses the plant is taken up with all its roots, and they are wrapped in straw and cloths and watered every day, as if they were in the ground, instead of being propped up inside the skeleton frame-work. The blossoms are drawn to the outside and woven into place, and the most natural effects are realized in this ingenious way. Groups of ladies are literally clad in flowered gowns, kimonos of white chrysanthemums being lined with deep crimson or yellow, and having folds of pale lilac at the neck. The tableaux represent scenes from history and legends, from the latest plays at the Shintomiza theatre, and in one case illustrate the last sensational murder with which the Japanese newspapers have been ringing—represented in this latter case by a floral Mrs. Druse plunging a dagger into a prostrate chrysanthemum man. In one garden above three youngsters stand around a huge vase of evergreens. From a hole in its side gush streams of white chrysanthemums and a small boy with a red chrysanthemum coat. The figures are life size, and illustrate the story of the boy who had presence of mind, and by breaking a hole in the side of a huge water jar, saved the life of his playmate, who had fallen in and would have drowned. The boy in the jar is a common subject with the artists who embroider or decorate porcelain, lacquer or bronze. In another garden there is a study of rocks, there is a charming little pool in a rocky niche overhung and almost curtained in trees. On a ledge over the pool sits Edisu, one of the seven household gods of luck, clad in chrysanthemum clothes, and holding a fishing rod that has just hooked a small chrysanthemum fish. As a picture this little lone fisherman is the most charming thing in Dango-zaka, and the tiny little amphitheatre, with its high rocky walls, its mirror pool and parted curtains of maple branches, is worth raving over, without the contemplative deity being introduced.

The great piece of the year is a scene from ancient history, where the Empress Jingo and her Councilor, Takenouchi, stand on the deck of a chrysanthemum ship, bound for the conquest of Korea, and receive omens from the gods of luck and the marine deities, over whom Jingo Kogo had control. Only the forward half of the ship is shown, but that is more than fifty feet long; a prow of yellow chrysanthemums and a hull of banded red and white flowers, riding on a deep green sea flecked with a foam of white flowers. Seeing this life-size ship of living chrysanthemums, that has been on view for a fortnight and is good for a fortnight longer, makes one smile to remember the tiny floral ships that the florists of the western world build up as marvels of their art. The giant of Alazaki is a splendid fellow, thirty feet high, with shoes and sword and voluminous garments of highly colored flowers, and the mask face has a pair of big rolling eyeballs that hold Japanese children spellbound. One chrysanthemum man fleeing from the giant has climbed a live pine tree, and two others are hiding behind a mossy green rock. One florist has a large landscape piece, with a waterfall of white chrysanthemums pouring through a gap in a mountain range, and spreading into a stream, where a huge green dragon with red eyes and foaming mouth is coiling and disporting itself. A rustic bridge carpeted with reddish-brown flowers crosses the stream, and a chrysanthemum woman leads a chrysanthemum horse, ridden by a chrysanthemum man, across the bridge. The third monumental piece of this season represents a temple drum and standard, some thirty feet high altogether, with a big drum coming out of one end of it and terrifying some pilgrims and worshipping others below. This colossal piece and

some wonderful chrysanthemum bushes with two hundred-odd flowers on them are passing attractions in a garden celebrated for its beautiful landscapes.

### The Largest Triphammer.

The greatest and most costly triphammer in the world is the tremendous structure in the Krupp gun works in Germany, and the next largest is in England. America has a giant of its own in the Washington Navy Yard.

What is as great a marvel about these immense hammers as their size is the ease with which they are operated and the manner in which their ponderous movements can be controlled. In any one of the three historic machines the descent of the hammer to the bed plate can be checked instantly at will by touching a small steel lever at the side of the hammer. The Emperor of Germany was amazed when he saw the thing done at Krupp's works, on the occasion of one of the royal visits to that famous establishment. It is related that the Emperor took from his pocket an expensive gold watch and laid it upon the bed plate of the great hammer. The engineer told the Emperor that he would bring the hammer down with all its power and stop it just in time to save the watch from injury. The machinery was started, and the hammer descended with a swoop. If it struck the watch it would certainly crush it as completely as if the whole factory had tumbled on it. The engineer kept a watchful eye on it, though, and just as the Emperor thought his watch was going to be smashed, the engineer pushed the lever, and the huge iron hammer stopped instantly within a fraction of an inch of the surface of the time-piece. The Emperor was awed by the engineer's dexterous skill.

"You may keep the watch," he said. "That is the most amazing thing I ever saw."

Uncle Sam's employe in the Washington Navy Yard tries a more thrilling experiment than the engineer in Krupp's works did. When Americans go to Washington to see the sights, and he wants to show how perfect his control of the enormous hammer is, he puts his finger on the bed plate and holds it there without wincing when the great hammer falls. Then he stops the fall dramatically just in time to save the digit. Everybody who sees the experiment and recovers from the start it gives declares that it is a tremendous piece of nerve as well as of skill on the part of the engineer.—*New York Sun*.

### A House Full of Clocks.

"I have a funny old uncle down in New Hampshire—a crank on clocks," said Mr. Fred Richardson, the artist. "I spent a night in his house not long ago, and I don't intend to spend another there soon. I am a light sleeper, and when I am awakened I have a hard time to get back to sleep. Well, at 12 o'clock that night I was awakened by the loud, lazy stroke of an old-fashioned, tall clock in the hall. It struck 12 times, and I thought it would never quit and let me go to sleep. I had just swooned off in the direction of sleep when a nasty little clock, with a busy, whanging knocker, pelted off 12 more. In a few minutes the soothing chime of a pretty French clock crept up through my bedroom floor from the parlor. I might have gone to sleep under this influence, but in a few moments more the loud, jangling voice of another clock in some part of the house drove all sleep from my eyes. In sheer desperation I lay and counted clock after clock, until 15 of them had struck 12, and then, just as I had concluded that was the end of the procession of noises, the big father clock of all—the one in the hall—struck 1, and the rest followed its example.

"In the morning I discovered that the 15 clocks were set just five minutes apart. "What do you keep your clocks all set differently for?" I asked. "Well," said my uncle, "when I wake up at night I like to know what time it is. Now, as I have my clocks arranged, one of them strikes every five minutes, so I don't have to wait long to find out whether it is time to get up."

"He knew the voice of every clock in the house, and knew just what time it was whenever any one of them struck."—*Chicago Times*.

### Presidential State Dinners.

President Arthur's most ordinary state dinners cost him \$10 a plate, and he spent \$5,000 and more on the nine state dinners which he gave in 1883. Arthur had many fine wines, and the cost of his wine was equal to one-third the cost of the whole dinner. At Grant's big dinners there were six wine-glasses at each plate, and in the middle of the dinner a frozen punch was served. Jefferson spent \$11,000 on wines while he was President, and Washington always had wines at his dinners. Jackson treated his guests to punch, and as for Hayes, his Roman punch was watched for by the drinkers at his state dinner-tables. John Tyler's brachy cost him \$4 a gallon, and James Buchanan fed his dogs on tenderloin steaks. Hayes spent a good deal while he was in the White House, and his dinners cost him at least \$15 for each guest. Cleveland's dinners cannot cost less than \$10 a plate, and the dinner of last night must have cost between \$300 and \$500.—*New York World*.

### A Novel Cure For Scarlet Fever.

In his early life Dr. Richardson knew a gentleman—the late Dr. Pinckney—who had a novel way of treating scarlet fever. Whenever any one of his pupils—he was a schoolmaster—was seized with the disease he had the youth outside the playground, and clothing him warmly, had him walked about until the perspiration streamed from every pore. This effected, the sufferer was taken indoors, put into a warm bed, charged with warm fluids and made still to perspire. The patient usually fell into a gentle sleep and in nearly every case was virtually cured at once.—*Glasgow Herald*.

### The Period of Life Lengthening.

If twenty per cent. of the newspaper paragraphs concerning people over a century old are true, it would certainly seem as if the average length of life was increasing. Every day there is a record of some new centenarian, until it has ceased to be a particular distinction to be five score, and nobody is regarded as really old who was not born before the Declaration of Independence was signed.

## A MURDERER'S NEMESIS.

THE FATE WHICH HAS OVERTAKEN THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

Killing His Stepfather and Driven From Place to Place by a Female Avenger—A Strange Tale.

On the 10th of August, 1885, in the city of Brooklyn, young Thomas Armstrong killed his stepfather, Albert Herrick, son of W. C. Herrick, who resides in Nashua, N. H. To-day he drags a twenty-pound iron ball, forged to his ankle, through the streets of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

There are but two years between the two dates, yet in that time this nineteen-year-old boy has lived whole lives of remorse and turmoil. His hair has whitened under the terrible curse that always followed him. From land to land, across seas and deserts, back in the wildernesses far from civilization, putting thousands of miles between him and his home, he hurried along, but no peace came. And now he is breaking stone in the public highway, a branded felon.

Brought up in ease and luxury, Thomas Armstrong found ample time to learn the vices of a great city. Wild and vicious when but a mere child, he grew up vindictive, quarrelsome, treacherous and malignant. He ran away from home time after time, each time turning up in jail for some offense far beyond his years.

While Thomas was still a youth, Mrs. Armstrong who had considerable property left by her first husband, married Albert R. Herrick, of Nashua. From the first young Thomas and he had violent quarrels. Often he turned upon his mother, but with that strange maternal perversity which makes mothers love their black sheep even better than their white, she clung closer to him, encouraging him in his idleness and self-indulgence, and supporting him in his many bitter quarrels with his stepfather. All this time his mother knew that her son declared that he would have her money before he was 21, by fair means or foul.

The murder was sudden, but the neighbors had almost expected it. August 10 Mr. Herrick arrived home early in the afternoon. Of what happened afterward but little is known but that he and young Thomas Armstrong had a violent quarrel. An hour afterward a Mr. Frank, who was passing, was horrified to see Herrick standing in the hallway of his residence, with a torrent of blood pouring from his mouth, uttering cries of "Murder! Help! Burglars!" Then he fell. When taken up he was dead.

The police searched the house, and after almost despairing of finding a clue, found a bullet embedded in the wood-work of the cellar door. Thomas Armstrong was suspected, arrested, and tried. He admitted his guilt to the officers, but denied it at his trial, under instruction of his counsel, saying that he killed Herrick in self-defense. The trial will long be remembered in the police annals of Brooklyn. Mrs. Herrick spent a fortune for her boy, and he was acquitted.

As young Armstrong left the court room free there crowded forward from among the spectators a tall, beautiful girl, not more than 19 years old, who caught him by the arm and hissed in his ear: "You have escaped but one judgment." Then she vanished in the crowd. In the spring of 1886 Armstrong, now notorious for his many crimes, caused a genuine sensation by marrying a pretty young society lady named Ella Hoscomb. From the first he maltreated her. They soon parted. Last August she died, and in the delirium just preceding death she cried in agony: "Keep him away. Don't let Tom kill me."

Armstrong became haggard and pale, and his mother was forced to send him away. He stayed away a year, returning broken down, telling a story of being haunted by an enemy. The police in every place he stopped at visited him and requested him to "move on." Try as he would he could not get where he was not known to the police, and, broken in spirit and health, he returned to Brooklyn.

His mother raised \$1,500 for him, and he sailed for New South Wales under the name of L. D. Wetzler, of Canada. As he walked up the dock of Sydney, when the vessel landed, December 19, he felt the hand of a policeman on his shoulder, and turned to hear the words: "Thomas J. Armstrong, we know you; move on!" Despairing of peace, Armstrong made the best of his way to the wild part of Australia. There he gambled and drank until his money was exhausted. Longing for the companions of a city, each time he visited one he met with that stern command: "Move on!"

At last, along in the spring of 1887, poor and desperate, weary and worn, he reached Brisbane, a wreck of his former self. With not a friend or a dollar in the world he attempted to repeat the experiences of his youth and commit a burglary. But the police, besides warning him, had watched him. He was caught in the act, tried, and sentenced to two years' penal servitude. He is now serving his sentence, doing the first legitimate work of his life in keeping the roads in good condition in company with 100 other criminals.

The Nemesis, who is making of Thomas Armstrong a rival of the Wandering Jew, is the young lady who hissed the words in his ear just after his acquittal of the murder of his stepfather. She had watched the proceedings of the murder trial with feverish interest. When the verdict of acquittal came she bit her lips until the blood ran. To her Albert R. Herrick had been as a brother, and she swore in the Brooklyn court room never to rest until she had avenged his murder. She had money, and it was devoted to warning the police of every city that Armstrong visited. Men were employed to track him. Letters preceded him to the police of Sydney and Melbourne, and they were ready to act. When Armstrong's sentence expires she will follow him as before. One of the other must die before it stops. Already Armstrong shows signs of rapidly breaking down under the terrible destiny of continually "moving on." Like a hunted felon, he will wander over the world, and find no resting place until he drops into the grave.—*Dallas Globe*.

### Franks of the Future.

New York, A. D., 3009.  
A.—Where do you live?  
B.—469, 553 East 1, 363, 941st street.  
A.—Thanks. Here's my card: 673, 141 West 3, 773, 552d street, 46th floor.—*Trans World*.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### The Kitchen Table.

Among the very necessary things in a kitchen is a good-sized, substantial table of white wood or pine which is needed for ironing and baking days. It should have three drawers; a large one for holding the shirt boards, ironing sheets and holders, and two smaller ones for spoons and knives used in crockery. It is also a good plan to keep the cook book in one of these drawers. Above this table can be fastened a hanging rack for ironing days. This can be closed against the wall when not in use, but will be found a great saving in time and labor, as no one can quite estimate the number of steps taken from the table to the clothes rack when one finds it necessary to hang up each article as soon as it is ironed.

### Recipes.

MOLASSES BUTTER-SCOTCH.—One cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter. Boil until it snaps when dropped into cold water.

SCALLOPED CODFISH.—Mix together two teaspoons of mashed tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons of cold boiled codfish, 2½ teaspoons of milk, one-half egg, and one-quarter of a teaspoon of butter; bake a light brown.

RICE Pudding.—Three table-spoonsful of dry rice, half a cup of sugar, one quart of milk, put in a pan, flavor with lemon or vanilla and bake in a slow oven four hours without stirring. Serve either hot or cold.

SALMON SALAD.—To a can of salmon take eight or ten stalks of celery, cut the celery into small pieces and mix with the salmon, which should also be picked into small bits, sprinkle over a little salt and very little pepper, and pour on some good vinegar. A small onion may be added, if desired.

A NOURISHING DISH.—Take one-half pint thick sweet cream, set on the stove to boil. Put into a saucer two table-spoons sweet cream, into which stir thoroughly one teaspoon flour. When cream on stove is boiling add cream in which you have stirred flour and let come to a boil. Set off. Salt and pepper a little if preferred.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Put one quart of cold water in a jar, add to it a teaspoonful of salt and three and a half cups of buckwheat, beat until perfectly smooth, then add half a teaspoon of yeast and mix well; cover the top of the jar, let stand in a moderately warm place until morning. When ready to bake dissolve a teaspoon of soda in ten table-spoons of boiling water, add this to the batter, beat and bake on a hot greased griddle.

VERMICELLI.—Put a table-spoonful of lard in a porcelain dish; when hot put in the vermicelli, broken in small pieces, with some thinly sliced onion, pepper, salt, a few cumseeds pulverized, and a sprinkle of red pepper. Stir to prevent burning, allowing it to become a light brown; then add a little hot water, and boil until tender. By the time the water is evaporated it will be done.

### Useful Hints.

Keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

Rub the hands on a stick of celery after peeling onions and the smell will be entirely removed.

Let dishes be neatly washed, rinsed in hot water and drained, and then rub them until they shine.

When removed from the person clothing, if damp, should be dried before putting into the clothes basket, to prevent mildew.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soapsuds.

To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a table-spoonful of ashes, half fill them with water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite: for this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

A sewing apron, in whose pockets repose a needle, thimble, small scissors and reels of black silk and cotton, with one of white cotton as well, if kept handy for emergencies, will save the housemother many a step and considerable strain upon her amiability.

To wash lace or fine embroidery without wear, rub white soap on the soiled parts, then cover with soft water and set for twelve hours in sunshine, then rinse in clear water, pull out each point with the fingers and pin upon a pillow or sheet upon the carpet to dry.

Leigh screens of Turkey-red calico or unbleached muslin, suitably frilled on to unpainted wooden frames, are most useful in the sick room either to prevent draughts or moderate the heat of an open fire, which should always burn there if possible, as the most efficient ventilator yet devised.

### Another Task for Explorer Stanley.

The *Movement Geographique*, of Brussels, says advice from Zanzibar are to the effect that the British East African Association has concluded a treaty, under which the Sultan of Zanzibar cedes to the association for fifty years' sovereignty over the territory between Port Wanga, at the mouth of the Oumba River, and Vitu, a distance of over thirty-five kilometers. This will facilitate the opening of routes to Victoria Nyansa, and shows that England is desirous of founding a colony which will extend her influence to the source of the Nile. It is probable that when Stanley returns he will be asked to undertake this work of extending civilization.

### He Erred.

"And are you angry, sweet?" He whispered soft and low; But she turns her face away. And no one little word will say To mitigate his woe.

Her tiny eyes grow pink— He plainly sees it now; She lifts her little hands in shame To cover her face aflame From dainty clasp to brow.

Her steady hand droops low; It makes his "young blood freeze." Has he by looking thus fair cheek Caused her this shame, so real, so deep? A poem, a fearful scene, —L. L. McLean, in *Philadelphia Press*.

## THE GAS MAN AT FORDS.

THE PART HE WAS TO PLAY IN LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Arranging to Plunge the Theatre Into Total Darkness—The Plan Spoiled by a Trivial Incident.

James Franklin Filts tells in the *Chicago Ledger* how an employe at Ford's Theatre, Washington, would have played an important part in Lincoln's assassination but for a trivial incident which spoiled the well-arranged scheme. Mr. Filts says: The man referred to was the gas man of the theatre. Such a person is an important factor behind the scenes. He has sole charge of the apparatus, and at the signal of the stage-manager lowers and raises the lights, turn off and lights up the gas, etc. All this is done now-a-days by merely touching different electric buttons; but at Ford's the clumsy system of that day was in use. Turn-cocks were attached to the pipes in a chest set well back on the stage, out of sight. The gas man kept the key, and he alone had access to the chest.

It is a mistake to regard Booth as a desperado, bent on executing his scheme even at the sacrifice of his own life. The public manner of the assassination, and his leap to the stage in full view of 2,000 people, was an afterthought, adopted on the pressure of the moment, when his own carefully matured scheme had been defeated. Much as he wanted to kill the President, he never wanted to be known as the assassin.

His plan was simple, and its very simplicity seemed to insure its success. The President's party having been seated in their box, at a given signal the gas was to be turned off, leaving the whole house in darkness. Booth, having marked the exact position of his victim at the instant, and having access to the box, would promptly do the murder in the dark. So great would be the confusion and uproar in the immense audience that backed the house, over the mere fact of total darkness, that the horrible tragedy just secretly and successfully accomplished could not be made known for some time so that it could be understood. The gas man would have locked the chest and quietly departed with the key in his pocket, probably en route for Canada; it might be half an hour before the house could be relighted. In the meantime the commission of the crime had been perfectly hidden by the darkness. It would not be a question in the case of the escape of the assassin: for although Booth had taken the precaution to have a saddle-horse ready in the alley outside, he deemed it a mere precaution. There would be no proof, nothing more than suspicion against him if his plot succeeded.

The signal for the turning off of the gas was thought to be the master stroke of the plot. None but a man with a strong dramatic instinct could have chosen it.

Let the reader recall the time. The fall of Richmond and Petersburg and the pursuit and surrender of Lee had followed in quick succession, occurring but a few days before. The North was in a transport of joy; Washington was full of soldiers; a thousand of them would be at Ford's Theatre that night, and it was known that the President would attend. The manager saw that something, besides the rather tame play of "Our American Cousin" must be presented to satisfy the patriotic overflowing of men's hearts. So it was made part of the programme that, when the President's party was seated, several male quartettes should take the stage, and sing the anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the house naturally joining in. A designated line of this anthem was to furnish the signal for the gas man. With the last short line of the first stanza, "Let freedom ring!"

The whole theater was to be plunged in darkness, and the murder would swiftly follow.

Down to a time possibly not more than one minute preceding the singing of the fatal line, events seemed to march straight on to the consummation of the tragedy exactly as planned. The overture was done; the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris had arrived and were seated, amid the plaudits of the house; the singing of "America" from the stage had commenced. Booth at the box door, one hand on the knob, the other on his pistol; the gas man behind the scenes went to his chest. And then—

It was the great Talleyrand, I believe, who said that "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step." The truth of the saying was never proved as it was in that moment!

An actor of the company had for several days been on what in these days is commonly known as "a racket." He was lingering about the wings on this evening in a boozing condition, when the manager caught sight of him and proceeded to give him "a wiggling." To do so more at ease he plumped the delinquent down on the gas-chest and took a seat beside him. The gas man came up, and saw at once that the "cue" could not be given. He did not dare draw attention to his proceedings by requesting the manager to move. To be watched was to insure him the scaffold!

The anthem went on. "Let freedom ring" was sonorously rolled through the house; the lights were undimmed; the piece was finished with wild applause; the play was begun.

And there in the lobby was Booth, raging with disappointment, striding up and down, now seen by half a dozen different persons, nerving his hand and his brain for the public assassination that occurred an hour later.

### Millions Owe Him Gratitude.

Argand, a poor Swiss, invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, up which a current of air was permitted to pass, thus giving a supply of oxygen to the interior as well as the exterior of the circular flame. At first Argand used the lamp without a glass chimney. One day he was busy in his work room, and sitting before the burning lamp. His little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. It did more, for it flashed into Argand's mind the idea of a lamp chimney, by which his invention was perfected.—*Lady Tribune*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In visits to nearly forty tribes of American Indians, Dr. S. Newberry has found twenty-three kinds of native vegetable products included in the Indian dietary, besides a great variety of nuts and berries.

To restore faded ink on parchment, etc., the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, has long employed solution of hydrosulphide of ammonia, which is spread in a thin layer over the writing with a camel's hair pencil.

A solution composed of alum, 3 pounds; water, 60 pounds; blue vitriol, 2 pounds; gelatine, 1 pound; acetate of lead, ½ pound, thoroughly mixed, will prevent mildew from affecting wood, clothing, fabrics, etc.

The restoration of some of the most important stone structures in Paris, such as the colonnade of the Louvre, of the Pont Neuf, and of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, has been mainly accomplished by means of a metallic cement invented by Professor Brune. It consists of a powder and a liquid.

The old idea that suffers from heart disease should avoid physical exertion has been dispelled by Professor Oertel, who has successfully employed regulated exercise in the treatment of some forms. In a large proportion of cases the nutrition of the cardiac muscle, as of the muscular system generally, is thus improved.

A combined potato digging and harvesting machine has been patented by Mr. Arthur P. Wade. This invention covers a novel construction, combination, and arrangement of parts in a machine by which the potatoes are plowed out of the ground, separated from the dirt and sticks, and transferred to a wagon or dropped in a row alongside the machine.

Considering the variability of drift ice movement in the Arctic seas, Dr. Karl Pettersen, of the Tromsø Arctic Museum, urges that the easiest, cheapest and most promising method of seeking the North Pole is to despatch every year, for ten or eleven years, a certain number of well-equipped steamers, some one of which would be enabled to seize upon the most favorable condition of the ice for a dash to the extreme north. Four routes are recommended, viz.: One along East Spitzbergen to Franz Josef Land, and northward, starting from the north of Norway; one east of Franz Josef Land, starting from the Yenisei or Obi; one via Franz Josef Land, starting from the New Siberian Islands or the Lena; and one from a suitable spot in Behring Straits. With an annual expedition by each of these routes, Dr. Pettersen believes that the problems of the polar seas would be solved within the period of eleven years.

An invention of Herr Gieszl, of Brunn, for preventing railway collisions, is highly spoken of among Austrian engineers. It consists of a pilot engine, or safety lorry, worked by electricity, and running at some distance in front of the train. It stops the train automatically, and runs at any speed. From a dynamo electric machine on the engine of the train a current is conducted through the rails to the pilot engine. The engine driver has the lorry perfectly under his control, and the distance between it and the engine may be varied to suit curves or other conditions of the line. The pilot engine is fitted on the exterior with a number of glass vessels, one or more of which must be broken if they encounter any obstacle. The glass vessels contain mercury contacts, and as the breakage causes an interruption of the current the vacuum brakes of the train are automatically applied. Two express trains running at full speed toward each other would thus be automatically stopped by the collision of their respective pilot engines.

### Notlemen Who Work.

A quiet-looking Montana millionaire remarked from beneath his big hat at the Astor House that the East seemed to catch all the bogus British noblemen. The mines and the mountains, said he, get the genuine articles. The Superintendent of the Lexington mine, at Butte, M. T., is the younger son of a noble house, wears kid gloves down into the shaft, and silk underclothing all the year round. But there's not a miner in his force of 250 men who knows more than he about the formation they are working, or who could lick him in a rough-and-tumble fight, for that matter. So nobody ever ridicules his gloves. Under him as an expert assayer there is a noble young Frenchman, who has held high official position in China. Good, honest, fellows they are, who earn their money and invest quite as much as they spend, and they never mention their titles, either.—*New York Sun*.

### A Soldier's Retort.

During the summer of 1863, while the hospitals at Canton, Miss., were crowded with sick and wounded soldiers, the ladies visited them daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind and did all they could to cheer and comfort the suffering. On one occasion a pretty miss of sixteen was distributing flowers and speaking gentle words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a soldier exclaim: "Oh, my Lord! Stepping to his bedside to rebuke him for his profanity, she remarked: "Didn't I hear you call on the name of the Lord? I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?" Looking up into her bright, sweet face, he replied: "I don't know but what there is." "Well," said she, "what is it?" Raising his eyes to hers and extending his hand, he said: "Please ask him to make me His son-in-law."—*Detroit Free Press*.

### A Human Well of Natural Gas.

The latest wonder on record is a resident of Fayetteville. According to accounts, after lighting a lamp a few nights ago the man attempted to blow out a match which he held in his hand, when his breath took fire and burned with a vivid blue color, suggesting the mouthpiece and eyepiece. As the individual is a dyspeptic his physicians decided that his stomach is a well of natural gas. The amount of gas emitted daily has a great deal been estimated, though without much success. In time perhaps some method of using the quantity and rendering the flames of the lamps more brilliant will be devised.—*Albany Herald*.



No special ability required; yet, readers, you know it is as well as any one. Write us at once for the particulars, which we will mail free. Address: **Brown & Co., Portland, Maine.**











## THE LOST EARL.

With his larlet colled on the horn of his saddle,  
Face bearded and bronzed, in the broad shadowed  
hat;  
His boots, tops, and stout leather leggings astraddle  
His broncho's brown sides; pistol-belt, and all  
that;  
His shout ringing out, a bluff, resonant basso,  
Above the herd's bellowing; hand that can hurl  
At a gallop the long-looped and wide-swinging  
lasso—  
There rides—can you fancy?—the son of an earl.

With the best and the worst a familiar companion;  
Who often in winter, at twenty below,  
While guarding his cattle within the deep canyon,  
Camps down in his blanket, rolled up on the snow.  
Bold rider and roper, to aid in a round-up,  
Head off a stampede, run the ring-leaders down;  
In him—does he pause to remember?—are bound up  
The hopes of a race of old knightly renown.

The world's pampered minion, he yet, in requital  
Of all its proud favors, could fling them aside  
As a swimmer his raiment, shed riches and title,  
And plunge into life, breast the turbulent tide.  
Some caprice, you infer, or a sudden decision  
Of fortune, the cause? Rather say, the revolt  
Of a strong native soul against soulless convention,  
And privilege shared by the rose and the dolt.

He chafed at the gilded constraints of his station,  
The bright ball-and-chain of the name that he bore;  
Grew sick of the smiles of discreet adulation,  
That worshiped, not worth, but the honors men  
wore.

With falsities stifled, with flatteries sated,  
He loathed, as some player, his wearisome part,  
The homage of lips where he righteously hated,  
The rank that forbade him the choice of his heart.

(For that choice, it is told, fell to one far below  
him  
In station, who yet was so loyal and true  
In the love which he won, she could love and fore-  
go him,  
And even his nobleness nobly owned;  
Who scorned to climb up to a class that would  
scorn to  
Receive her its peer; and refusing to dim  
The coronet's brightness her brow was not born to.  
Lived maidens faithful to love and to him.)

Was it then, in despair at the pitiful wrangle  
His preference raised, he resolved to be free,  
To escape from his toils, break the tyrannous  
tangle  
Of custom and caste, of descent and degree?  
In this lot which he chose, has he sometimes re-  
pented  
The impulse that urged him? In scenes such as  
these,  
Hard lodgment, hard fare, has he never lamented  
The days of relinquished enjoyment and ease?

Was that impulse a fault? Would he speak, would  
he tell us  
His sober conclusion? For good or for ill,  
There are tides of the spirit which sometimes im-  
pel us,  
Sub-currents, more potent than spirit and will,  
That out of our sordid conditions uplift us,  
And make our poor common humanity great.  
We toy with the helm, but they draw us, they drift  
us,  
They shape the deep courses of life and of fate.

But then comes regret, when the ebb leaves us  
stranded  
In doubt and disaster; was such his reward?  
How much we might gain would the fellow be  
candid,  
This volunteer ranchman who might be a lord!  
Could we think with his thoughts as he rides in the  
shadow  
That falls from the foothills when, suddenly chill,  
Far over the mesa of lone Colorado  
The fast creeping twilight spreads solemn and  
still.

From the rose-tinted, snow-covered peaks, the  
bright  
Of torrents and rivers, the glow pales away;  
Through canyons and gulches the wild watercourses  
Rush hurried and hoarse; just the time, you would  
say,  
For our exile to fall into sombre reflection—  
The scion of earls, from the uppermost branch  
Of the ancestral tree, in its cultured perfection,  
Set here in the desolate life of the ranch.

Amid wastes of gray sagebrush, of grama and  
bunch-grass;  
The comrade of cowboys, with souls scarce above  
The level of driven dumb creatures that manich  
graze;  
Self-banished from paths of preferment and love,  
An unreturned prodigal, mummified his husk:  
At least so your sapient soul has divined,  
As he gallops far off and forlorn through the dusk.  
But little men know of a man's hidden mind.

In his jacket he carries a thumbled pocket Homer,  
To con at odd spells as he watches his herd;  
And at times, in his cottage (but that's a glossomer;  
A hut with one room) you may hear, on my  
word,  
These long summer twilight, (in moments not  
taken  
For washing his dishes or darning his socks),  
On strings deftly thrummed a strange music  
awaken,  
Mazurka of Chopin's, sonata of Bach's.

As over the wide-shouldered Rockies the gleam  
Of day yet illumines the vastness and distance  
Of snow-hooded summits, so shines the still beam  
Of high thoughts, long receive, on his lonely  
existence.

(And a maiden, they say; of her own sweet accord,  
Who to-night may be sailing the moonlight sea,  
To the ranchman brings what she denied to the lord.  
Idle rumor, no doubt. But, however it be—)  
Our knight of the lasso, long-lineaged Norman,  
Now guiding his herd to good pasture and drink,  
Now buying and selling, stock-owner and foreman,  
Feels life fresh and strong; well content, as I  
think,

That the world of traditional leisure and sport  
Without him should amble his indolent round.  
Though lost to his title, to kindred and court,  
Here first in rude labor his manhood is found.

His conclusion is this, or I sadly mistake it:  
"To each his own part; race action for me!  
Be men, and not marks; all your sphere or forsake  
it."  
Use power and wealth; but 'tis time to be free  
When the trappings of life prove a burden and fetter.  
The walls of my forefathers' castle are staunch,  
But a cabin, with liberty, shelters me better.  
Be lord of your realm, be it arid or ranch!"  
—J. T. Trembridge, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

## STORY OF THE DOCUMENTS.

BY EDWIN ATWELL.

From Mrs. Philetus Featherpurs, No.  
—East Forty-third street, N. Y., to Mr.  
John Walters Scissors, editor the *Daily  
Comet*, September 14, 1886:  
MR. DEAR MR. SCISSORS—We want  
you to come and dine with us to-morrow  
night—quite en famille. There will be a  
Miss Daisy Moneyplate from Milwaukee  
whom I'm going to bring out—when our  
two solitary rents come in, and both two  
months overdue! Col. Chesterfield, Mr.  
Devilshoof for wit, Mr. Phinny for fun  
and yourself for everything. This is  
strictly a family matter, so please say  
nothing about it in "the papers." Yours  
sincerely,  
EMILY FEATHERPURSE.  
P. S.—I've a little romance on hand,  
and want your help in it. Be sure to  
come.  
E. F.

From the *Daily Tocsin*, September 22,  
1886.  
SOCIETY ROYAL.  
Mrs. Philetus Featherpurs gave a ve-

o'clock tea yesterday to introduce Miss  
Daisy Moneyplate of Milwaukee. Miss  
Moneyplate is not of the direct line of  
the wealthy Moneyplate family of Mil-  
waukee, but only distantly related.

From Sheephead Monmouth, Knick-  
erbocker Club, N. Y., to Perkins Har-  
scrabble:

SOMERSET CLUB,  
BOSTON, September 30, 1886.  
DEAR PERK—Yours of the 18th at  
hand, and I'm sorry I can't send you a  
check for that little matter on the yacht  
race. Until yesterday I thought that I  
had big game in my bag, but my luck  
doesn't run towards heireses yet. I met  
a certain Miss Moneyplate of Mil-  
waukee at a recent Delmonico cotillon.  
You've heard of the rich millers of  
course. Well, her name is Daisy, and it  
just describes her, and I was pretty hard  
hit, by Jove! I made the running in  
good form—and you know me! Well,  
night before last I proposed. She asked  
time to consider it. The woman who  
hesitates is lost. I wrote some cacky  
letters to my tradesmen and sent word of  
my engagement to the heiress to *Rumor*  
and the rest of the society papers. Yes-  
terday the blow fell. I enclose slip  
from the *Tocsin*. It is needless to say I  
called off and found a pretext last night  
to do the unjustly suspected—and it's  
off.

You will condole with me all the more  
sincerely when I tell you that I must ask  
your indulgence on that five hundred for  
an indefinite time. Ah, the world! the  
world! Heartbrokenly yours,  
SHEEPHEAD MONMOUTH.

From Dexter Dean, Esq., of Dean,  
Dable & Co., bankers, Wall street, to  
Dexter Dean, Jr., Studio Building,  
Twenty-third street:

NEW YORK, October 3, 1886.  
SIR—Your communications to me have  
not been frequent since you chose to pur-  
sue your own course and declined to place  
yourself advantageously in life by enter-  
ing my office. Your letter of the 2d in-  
stant causes me to wish they were even  
more infrequent. You say you have en-  
gaged yourself to marry a penniless  
young woman from Milwaukee. This is  
so entirely in the line of your conduct  
since you have reached legal years of dis-  
cretion that I am not surprised. I will  
remind you, however, that though mat-  
rimony on the two thousand a year which  
your mother ill-consideredly left you  
may not be without its financial draw-  
backs, I still hold to my determination to  
do nothing for you while you pursue your  
ridiculous painting and continue your  
disreputable associations. Your affection-  
ate father,  
DEXTER DEAN.

From Dexter Dean, Jr., Studio Build-  
ing, Twenty-third street, N. Y., to Miss  
Daisy Moneyplate, Milwaukee avenue,  
Milwaukee, Wis.:

OCTOBER 14, 1886.  
MY DARLING—It is finished! I am  
satisfied that if the committee doesn't  
accept it and the hanging committee  
doesn't give it a good place they deserve  
all the other chaps say of them. Then  
I can come for you, my dear, see that  
formidable uncle and declare myself with  
the confidence of a man with a position  
and a future. I needn't say how I  
have missed you. But look for me in  
Milwaukee in a very short time. The  
paternal hasn't softened yet, but what  
do we care? Two thousand a year—and  
my paintings! Magnificent! Ever your  
own,  
DEXTER.

From the *Daily Tocsin*, November 10,  
1886:

Deservedly hung on the line is Mr.  
Dexter Dean's truly remarkable work,  
"Spring." This is Mr. Dean's first  
Academy exhibition and it has placed  
him at once in the first rank of the  
younger school of American artists. Its  
conception is genuinely poetic and its  
execution entirely graceful and har-  
monious, exquisite in its coloring and  
admirable in its technique. It was sold  
to Mr. George G. Crocus, at the opening  
day, for the almost fabulous price of  
\$10,000. Mr. Crocus will have no oc-  
casion to regret his liberal patronage of  
a rarely promising young man. With  
the exercise of the spirit, feeling, sin-  
cerity and industry which his work be-  
trays, Mr. Dean's future efforts are sure  
to be uninterruptedly progressive.

From Jediah Moneyplate, Snowflake  
Mills, Milwaukee, Wis., to Dexter Dean,  
Jr., Studio Building, Twenty-third  
street, N. Y.:

NOVEMBER 17, 1886.  
MY DEAR SIR—From what I have  
learned of your character and position,  
through my New York representatives,  
it gives me sincere pleasure in acknowl-  
edging yours of the 13th instant, to as-  
sure you that I see no reason why your  
marriage with my niece should be de-  
layed. You are evidently not aware  
that, as the sole legatee of my late  
brother's estate, Miss Moneyplate pos-  
sesses in her own right a very tidy for-  
tune, in round numbers \$1,800,000. I  
should be pleased, as her guardian and  
co-executor of her property, to receive  
the address of your New York attorney,  
with a view to making settlements which  
she desires and which have my cordial  
endorsement.

Trusting to have the pleasure of meet-  
ing you in a very short time, I am,  
sir, with much respect, very sincerely  
yours,  
JEDIAH MONEYPLATE.

From *Rumor*, October 5, 1887.  
Mr. Dexter Dean, the well-known  
banker, drives out daily behind his  
sparking bays. His daughter is usually  
beside him, as her husband cannot be  
induced to leave his studio while day-  
light lasts. The devotion of the old  
gentleman to the beautiful young  
woman is delightful to witness. I hear  
his will leaves his entire fortune to the  
infant son of Mrs. Dexter Dean, Jr.—  
*New York Graphic*.

A Man's Breath Catches Fire.  
A queer thing happened when I was  
in a cafe a few days ago. A dyspeptic  
looking man had dined and was pre-  
paring to smoke a cigarette. As he  
lighted the match and held it to his  
lips a convulsion passed over his features  
and a flame flashed from his mouth to  
the match with an audible report. I  
was astounded, and, making inquiries,  
I found that medical works relate such  
cases. In Ewald's book on indigestion  
the analysis of the gas in one of these  
cases showed carbonic acid, hydrogen,  
acarbonated hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen  
and a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen.  
*New York Graphic*.

## HEALTH HINTS.

Eating onions and horseradish is  
claimed to relieve dropsical swellings.

To remove soreness from the feet try  
bathing them at night in pure alcohol.

It is said that snuffing powdered borax  
up the nostrils will cure a catarrhal cold.

A good way to take cod liver oil, to  
make it palatable, is by putting it into  
tomato catsup.

Do not restrict the boys and girls in  
the matter of fresh air. Dirt is often a  
beneficial accompaniment.

Disease is often transmitted by the  
hands through the mouth. Always wash  
the hands on coming out of a sick room.

When a felon first begins to make its  
appearance, take a lemon, cut off one  
end, put the finger in, and the longer it  
is kept there the better.

Those who are troubled with sleepless-  
ness, should, if strong enough to do so,  
take a long walk in the evening. Rid-  
ing in the open air also promotes sleep.

For chilblains, take ten pounds of oak  
bark, put it in a kettle and pour on it  
six quarts of water. Let it boil down  
to four quarts. Soak the feet in it and  
it will effect a certain cure.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed  
in a pint of water, strain and add a lit-  
tle honey, one ounce of rock candy and  
the juice of three lemons; mix and boil  
well. Drink as hot as possible.

## The Cotton Plant.

What a royal plant it is! The world  
waits in attendance on its growth. The  
shower that falls whispering on its  
leaves is heard around the earth. The  
sun that shines on it is tempered by the  
prayers of all people. The frost that  
chills it and the dew that descends from  
the stars is noted, and the trespass of a  
little worm on its green leaf is more to  
England than the advance of the Rus-  
sian army on her Asian outposts. It is  
gold from the instant it puts forth its  
tiny shoot. Its fibre is current in every  
bank, and when loosing its fleeces to the  
sun it floats a sunny banner that glorifies  
the field of the humble farmer, that man  
is marshalled under a flag that will com-  
pel the allegiance of the world, and  
wring a subsidy from every nation on  
earth. It is the heritage that God gave  
to this people forever as their own when  
he arched our skies, established our  
mountains, girt us about with the ocean,  
loosed the breezes, tempered the sun-  
shine, and measured the rain. Ours and  
our children's forever. As princely a  
talent as ever came from His hand to  
mortal stewardship.—H. W. Grady, in  
*Woman's Work*.

## A Sagacious Dog.

A valuable bird dog belonging to  
"Jup." Jones, of this city, supposed to  
have been stolen or killed, was found  
yesterday in an old cave in well about  
sixty feet deep, near a deserted farm-  
house in the suburbs, into which he had  
fallen while in pursuit of a rabbit. He  
was first discovered by some neighbors  
who heard him barking continually and  
in a most distressing manner. The in-  
formation soon reached Jones, who im-  
mediately secured a rope and started for  
the place. On arriving he lowered a  
lantern down to where the dog lay, and  
made a slip-knot on another rope, which  
he tried to throw over the dog's head, but  
without avail. He then went away to  
secure help, leaving the end of the rope  
with the noose on in the bottom of the  
well. On returning he was amazed to  
find that the dog had raised the noose up  
with his nose and placed his head and  
front paws in it. He was immediately  
lifted to the surface. The dog is in a  
pitiable condition, being but a mere  
shadow. The animal had been in the  
well about ten days without food.—  
*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

## Chinese Advice to Tea Drinkers.

A Chinaman gives the following advice  
to tea drinkers. If followed it would do  
away with some of the injurious effects  
of this beverage as commonly concocted:  
Use black tea. Green tea when good is  
kept at home. What goes abroad is bad,  
very bad and horrible. Besides contain-  
ing the 203 adulterations the Chinese  
philanthropist puts up for the outside  
barbarian, it is always pervaded by cop-  
per dust from the dirty curing-pans of  
the growers. Infuse your tea. Don't  
boil it! Place one teaspoonful of tea in  
the pot and pour over it 1 1/2 cups of boil-  
ing water, that is, water really boiling.  
If your tea is poor, use more. It is  
cheaper, though, to buy good tea at the  
outset. Put your pot on the back part  
of the stove, carefully covered, so that it  
shall not lose its heat, and the tea its  
bouquet. Let it remain there five  
minutes, then drink it. Drink your tea  
plain. Don't add milk or sugar. Tea-  
brokers and tea-tasters never do; epicures  
never do; the Chinese never do.

## The Great Kitchen at Windsor Castle.

The kitchen, on the north side of the  
Castle, is fitted elaborately enough to  
delight the heart even of a Carenco. The  
apartment is nearly fifty feet in height,  
and has an enormous fire at either end,  
with a system of spits after the fashion  
of University kitchens. As an ordinary  
staff there are a chef de cuisine, two  
master cooks, two yeomen of the month,  
two roasting cooks, two larders, five  
scourers, one steam man and three kitchen-  
maids, besides apprentices and serving  
men. The number of dinners that can  
be cooked in this kitchen is simply mar-  
vellous. Every detail of the arrange-  
ments is worked out with the greatest  
care, the dishes being handed straight  
to the footmen from the cooks, and by  
them conveyed to the various rooms.—  
*Vanity Fair*.

## Killed All His Dogs.

First City Sportsman—"Just back  
from a hunting trip I see. Get any  
game?"  
Second City Sportsman—"Who did  
considerable unintentional killing."  
"N-o, I had to come home; ran out of  
dogs."—*Tim Bux*.

## Has Resolution.

My lover is a beautiful youth.  
And though he loves me well,  
He does not love me as I should  
be loved and loved well.  
How I've resolved that, once for all,  
I'll tell him of my love and tell  
The full story of my heart to him,  
And I am sure he'll love me well.  
—*San Francisco Journal*.

## HUNTING WILD HORSES.

A PECULIAR WESTERN PASTIME  
GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

The Singular Habits of Wild Horses  
—How They are Hunted by In-  
dians and "Wolfers."

General Brisbane writes from Montana  
to the *New York World* that he has learned  
from an old ranchman some curious  
facts about the wild horses of the plains.  
They have increased so wonderfully  
within the past few years that they have  
become an unbearable nuisance to the  
stock-growers of the plains. They graze  
in bands of twenty, fifty and even one  
hundred and are very difficult to ap-  
proach. An old stallion generally occu-  
pies some elevation, and he will trumpet  
an alarm to the herd if he sees any one  
coming. In times of danger from wild  
beasts the stallions form a circle and the  
mares and colts are put inside. The colts  
are often attacked by wolves or Rocky  
Mountain lions, but they never succeed in  
killing a colt without a battle with the  
horses, and often the wolves and lions are  
kicked and beaten so badly that they  
have to beat a retreat without securing  
their prey. Often a wild herd will dis-  
cover a tame band of horses grazing  
quietly in the valley with no intention  
of leaving their range, but the band of  
wild horses, led on by their stallions,  
dash down into the valley, capture them  
and carry them away. The wild stallions  
are shot without mercy by the ranchmen.  
If one is seen grazing on a hill he is  
sneaked up to and dropped in his  
tracks. They are very alert and difficult  
to approach, but like the tame horse are  
easily killed. A bullet in almost any  
part of the body will cause the horse to  
crop on the plain.

The Indians are the best wild-horse  
hunters, but they do not like to be out in  
stormy weather and they cannot stand  
the cold of winter as well as white men.  
In a storm is the best time to hunt wild  
horses, for then they bunch and cannot  
see any one approaching until it is too  
late to get out of the way of the bullets.  
It is generally useless for a hunter to at-  
tempt to run down a wild horse with a  
tame one. The tame one, weighted  
down by the burden of the hunter's body,  
soon tires and the wild horse easily es-  
capes. Sometimes the hunters discover  
the tracks of wild horses near a stream  
and they then hunt for their watering-  
place. The band always waters at the  
same place and although right on the  
stream, the horses will go up or down it  
for a mile or more in order to drink at  
their accustomed watering-place. Hiding  
in the brush or crawling to a bluff the  
hunter lies in wait until the horses come  
to the water, and then shoots them. It  
is difficult to catch them, as they seem to  
know instinctively when hunters are  
about, and if they even suspect danger  
they will at once leave the locality. A  
smoke or anything unusual will stampede  
them and they will run forty or fifty  
miles before letting up. Their sense of  
smell is very acute, and on the wind side  
about a mile is as close as a hunter can  
get before being discovered by his odor,  
and the horses are off in a jiffy.

The winter is the best season for wild-  
horse hunting in Wyoming. The ani-  
mals get discouraged by the deep snows  
and become hungry and poor. They are  
apt at such times to bunch in the cotton-  
wood groves, where they eat the bark off  
the trees and chew up all the small limbs  
they can reach. In winter, too, the  
horse-hunters can unite with it the busi-  
ness of "wolfing." Perhaps some people  
do not know what "wolfing" is. Well,  
a "wolf" is simply a wolf-hunter, or a  
man who kills wolves for their hides and  
the reward offered for their destruction.  
In earlier years wolves on the plains were  
killed only for their pelts, but now they  
are killed to save the game and sheep as  
well as for their pelts. Next to man the  
wolf is the greatest destroyer of game.  
The gray wolf is dangerous, too, and  
will attack anything from a chipmunk to  
a man. They used to hunt in gangs and  
destroy a great many buffaloes. They  
would follow an old bull, biting him  
until they had hamstringed him, and then  
they would kill and eat him. The buff-  
alo being gone, the sheep, cattle and  
small game of all kinds suffer annually  
great loss from wolves. Some counties  
offer as much as \$2 per head for wolf  
scalps. A wolf goes out into the sec-  
tion of country where the wolves are  
thickest and builds him a cabin. He  
will then kill one or two antelopes, skin  
them and drag the bloody carcass in  
pieces all about the country. The meat  
is then poisoned with strychnine and  
left near his cabin. The wolves get on  
the bloody trails and follow them up un-  
til they come to the meat, of which they  
eat heartily, and of course that is the last  
of them. The wolfers has his bait in all  
parts of the country and goes from one to place  
another "skinning up." A wolf pelt is  
worth from \$2 to \$3 and some large gray  
wolf skins bring as much as \$4 and \$5  
apiece. There are many different ways of  
setting wolf baits, but the poisoned car-  
cass of an antelope, deer, elk or cow is  
the most popular method. Sometimes  
wolf bait is set in candles, the wick is  
pulled out, the hole filled with strychn-  
ine, and then the candle is cut up in  
pieces two or three inches long and the  
ends sealed or plugged up. This bait is  
set by putting a bit of stick in the  
ground, splitting it at the top and put-  
ting the piece of candle between the  
split portions of the stick. A wolf is  
very fond of candles, and when he comes  
along he jerks the bait out of the stick  
and swallows it. When the candle melts  
in his stomach, which it does in a few  
minutes, the released strychnine takes  
hold on the wolf's vitals, and then there  
is no more. The wolf always blames his  
trouble on his tail, and he will spin  
round and round trying to catch his tail  
in his mouth, as I have seen a dog do  
when at play. He will stand up on his  
hind legs and walk about and dance,  
but it all does no good. His shrieks and  
cries of pain are terrible to hear, and  
about the last thing he does is to turn  
two or three somersaults in the air and  
fall dead. The strychnine kills them  
every time. Indians do not like to kill  
wolves; they think it is "bad medicine."  
but I never knew an Indian yet to ob-  
ject to helping "skin up," and they  
will generally skin a wolf wherever he  
is found dead and bring the pelt to the  
wolfers.

The wild-horse hunters are always  
wolfers, and when they do not find plenty  
of wild horses they always find plenty  
of wolves and make a good thing out of  
the bounty and pelts. I have a box out  
with a party of wolfers now, and he says  
the three of them frequently kill twenty  
and twenty-five wolves per day, worth  
for their hides and scalps at least \$75.  
That's pretty good wages for three men,  
or rather two men and a boy, to make.  
Although the wolfers has a home cabin  
where he keeps his pelts he is seldom "at  
home." He rides and walks all over the  
country, often camping under a tree and  
sleeping in the snow or on the cold  
ground. His only care is to have plenty  
of matches, keep near timber and look  
out for "northers."

When the wolfers hunts wolves and  
horses together he takes two swift ponies,  
one of which he rides and the other he  
leads, packed with his bedding, grub  
and traps. He goes over vast tracts of  
territory, and it is only by hard riding  
and terrible exposure he can hope to come  
up to the wild horses. When once upon  
them he does not attempt to catch them,  
but kills them, a wild stallion's scalp  
being worth \$25 among the stockmen of  
the region where he ranges.

## WISE WORDS.

A man's part is to bear misfortunes  
rightly.  
It is the cause and not the death that  
makes the martyr.  
Borrowing is the canker and the death  
of every man's estate.  
Trusting to luck is only another name  
for trusting to laziness.  
The thing which we do not mean to  
say is frequently the thing which is said.  
It is not enough to study life; one  
must live it if one would be truly an  
artist.  
Envy is the sunshine of another's life,  
making the shadow of our own seem  
deeper.  
It is better to be discarded without  
ceremony than being endured with  
patience.  
Every man is in some sort a failure to  
himself. No one ever reaches the height  
to which he aspires.  
No man ever got rid of a lie by telling  
it; it is sure to come home sooner or  
later to hobnob with its author.  
When I caution you against becoming  
a miser, I do not therefore advise you to  
become a prodigal or a spendthrift.  
Some things after all come to the poor  
that can't get in at the doors of the rich,  
whose money somehow blocks up the en-  
trance way.  
Time is the greatest of tyrants and ex-  
tortioners. As we go toward age he  
taxes our health, our limbs, our faculties,  
our strength and our features.  
Where there is abuse, there ought to be  
clamor; because it is better to have  
our slumbers broken by the fire-bell than  
to perish amid flames in our bed.  
They say that the truth is not to be  
spoken at all times, which is the equiv-  
alent of saying that truth is an invalid,  
who can only take the air in a close car-  
riage with a gentleman in a black coat on  
the box.

## A Nimble Artist.

Philip G. Cusachs, the artist, is one  
of the nimblest and quickest draughts-  
men in town. While his touch is re-  
markably quick, it is at the same time  
unusually strong and sure. A book  
publisher went to Mr. Cusachs a short  
time ago for twelve illustrations for a  
new book. He had the suggestions  
written out in order to facilitate the  
work.  
"Now, Mr. Cusachs," said the pub-  
lisher, "I beg of you to bear in mind that  
the printers are waiting for these il-  
lustrations. Pray do me the great favor  
of getting them out just as soon as you  
can."  
Mr. Cusachs tried the nib of a pen on  
the nail of his thumb. "Are you in a  
very great hurry, Mr. Book?" he asked.  
"Yes, my dear sir; a very great hurry.  
There are the suggestions for the twelve  
pictures. Now tell me when you will  
have them done."  
"Oh, be seated," said Mr. Cusachs,  
"and I'll do them while you wait!"  
The publisher waited an hour and  
then carried away the pictures in a  
highly pleased and well satisfied state  
of mind.—*New York World*.

## Two Senators Who Look Alike.

Frequent and amusing are the in-  
stances, in which United States Senators,  
Quay and Davis are taken completely  
and entirely for each other. One even-  
ing Mr. Davis went to Mr. Quay's desk,  
and said:  
"See here, Senator, one of us will  
have to wear a door-plate around his  
neck! Three men have come to me  
within the last two hours and called me  
Quay and talked Pennsylvania politics  
with me. I didn't want your people to  
think you had become stiff and un-  
friendly since you've got to be a Senator,  
and so I promised to take one of them  
up to pass the evening in an informal way  
at the White House, and chat with the  
President about a claim he is interested  
in. He will call for you this evening. I  
hope I gave him the right number—1518  
K street."

## Salute of an Entire Family.

Six months ago a laborer, with his wife  
and two daughters, of seventeen and  
three years, respectively, had arrived at  
Toulouse, France, from Algeria, where  
he had been unable to make a living. But  
circumstances were not more favorable  
at his new place of residence. Denuded  
of everything—food as well as clothing  
—and unable to pay the rent, the man,  
with the consent of his wife and eldest  
daughter, made a fire in the stove and  
shut the valve in the smoke-pipe. All of  
them lay down to sleep. As the door  
was not opened next day it was broken  
open, when four corpses were found upon  
their wretched couch.

## Well Intended in Weight.

A remarkable case of twin breeding in  
cattle has been discovered in the city.  
The pair were three-year-old steers, and  
were sold last Monday at the stock  
yards by Dunning & Stevens to George  
P. Christ, the Minnabod butcher. The  
two weights of the two was 5,500 pounds.  
When killed they looked to be exactly of  
size, and were weighed to ascertain to  
what extent they differed. It was found  
that the size of each did not vary an  
ounce. The measurements of each showed  
510 pounds, and the measurements of each  
were of exactly the same weight, 510  
pounds.—*San Francisco Courier*.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

Adam Sebastian, of Cincinnati, is the  
father of eight twins.

In 1797 the first cast-iron plow patent  
was issued to Newbold, of New Jersey.

The oldest tombstone in the German  
empire is one at Worms, which bears the  
date A. D. 900.

During the past season two naturalists,  
G. W. and E. G. Peckham, have found  
that wasps remember the locality of their  
nests for ninety-six hours.

A wide traveler declares that the best  
cooks in the world are Arab cooks, who  
perfectly understand how to introduce  
good fruit to hot fire over their furnaces.

The *Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette*  
thinks that sailors' sweethearts must be  
all black-eyed Susans, because no less  
than 60 American vessels named Susan  
plow the deep.

A farmer near Reedsville, Penn., re-  
cently killed two deer at one shot. His  
weapon was a single barreled rifle, with  
which he put a ball through the neck of  
each deer at a distance of seventy-five  
yards.

The Chinese regard the eye of a cat as  
an infallible indicator of the time of day.  
They go by the contraction and expansion  
of the pupil of the eye, which is influ-  
enced by the approaching or receding  
strength of the sunlight.

Long Lake, in Michigan, has been  
gradually rising for four years, until the  
Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad has  
been forced to abandon its old short  
line. It is said that the waters of the  
lake gradually rise and subside every  
few years.

A correspondent recently saw in the  
library of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson  
the original manuscript of her novel,  
"Vashti." It was entirely in her hand-  
writing and was as clear and neat as a  
freshly printed page. This is the manu-  
script for which Mrs. Wilson received  
\$15,000, and it is kept carefully pre-  
served in a case of heavy leather.

A lady in San Francisco had three ca-  
naries so tame that they flew about the  
house at will. One sickened and died  
suddenly. The dead body was taken  
from the cage and laid on the table, and  
the other two flew to it and examined it  
very carefully. Then they went back to  
their cages, and for over thirty days  
neither of them uttered a note. After  
that period of mourning was over they  
piped up and sang as of old.

One of the peculiar features of the  
Territory of Idaho is the occurrence of  
dark, rocky cha-mas, into which large  
streams and creeks disappear and are  
never more seen. These figures are old lava  
channels. At one place along the banks  
of the Snake one of these rivers re-  
appears, gushing from a cleft high up in  
the basaltic walls, where it leaps, a cata-  
ract, into the torrent below. Where  
this stream has its origin is a mystery,  
though it is believed to be a long







## PROVERBS OF THE NATIONS.

What the Various Peoples Say of Themselves and Others.

In Spain it is said: "The Englishman is a drunkard, the Frenchman a scamp, the Dutchman a buttermilk and the Spaniard a cavalier;" and again: "It is best to be born in Italy, to live in France and to die in Spain."

The Russians say: "Englishmen have their wit at their fingers' ends, Frenchmen at the ends of their tongues."

It is said in Poland: "What the Italian invents, the Frenchman makes, the German sells, the Pole buys and the Russians take from him."

The Italians say: "When trouble comes the German drinks it in drink, the Frenchman talks it down, the Spaniard meets it with tears, the Italian goes to sleep till it is past."

Among the Germans England is said to be the paradise of women and the purgatory of servants, but a far worse place than that for herself.

About the French say the Italians: "They do not let what they intend to do, nor read what is written, nor sing the notes set before them," and a German says: "A Frenchman is a good acquaintance, but a bad neighbor," a truth which Prince Bismarck is never tired of impressing on the people, and urging them accordingly to enlarge their standing army. The negroes in a French colony say: "Mouche (Monsieur) Couteau (cut-throat) tout"—Mr. Know-all don't know at all.

Perhaps the Greeks fare worst of all in the opinions of those who have to do with them, if we may judge by the sayings concerning them that pass from month to month. Among the southern Slav races this is especially the case. They say: "Three Turks and three Greeks make up six heathens," and "A crab is not a fish, nor a Greek a true man," and again, "A Greek speaks the truth once a year," and once more, "A Gypsy cheats a Jew, a Jew a Greek, and a Greek the devil."

The Venetians say: "He who trusts the word of a Greek is more fool than the madman." Even in Normandy the reputation of the Greek has passed into a proverb, and he who obtains something quite unexpectedly is said to have "got paid by a Greek."

Holland and Flanders have both been places of refuge for bankrupt and fraudulent Frenchmen for a long time, and as such are regarded proverbially in France. "Go to Holland" means evade paying your debts. And to say of a man "il est de Flandres," is the same as saying he is a ruined man.

Mythen Van Dunck, though he never was drunk, sipped brandy and whisky daily—for the Dutchman's draught must be deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee. That we all know, and to drink like a Dutchman is everywhere proverbial.

Of Italians it is said by the French: "Half one is too much in the house;" and the Illyrian says of the Italian, what the Englishman and the German say of the Swiss: "He would sell his own father for gold."

The Jew shares with the Greek the prerogative of being the best abused of all peoples, proverbially.

The Pole says:

The German cheats the Pole,  
The Italian cheats the German,  
The Spaniard swindles the Italian,  
The Jew defends the Spaniard,  
But only the devil can get the better of the Jew.

The German says: "The Jew cheats even while praying," and the inhabitant of Lesser Russia: "The Jew did not learn to cheat; he was born with the faculty."

To build castles in the air is rendered in French, having a castle in Spain. Compliments that mean nothing are called Spanish coin; and in Italy, poison is designated euphemistically "Spanish figs," because Spaniards are supposed to poison those they desire to be rid of with fruit in which arsenic has been inserted.

The Swiss is not known proverbially for his patriotism, but for his mercenary nature. "No kreutzer, no Schwitzer," is a common saying in Germany, and "Point d'argent, point de Suisse," is the French version of the same. One evening when a distinguished Genevan actress and a Swiss company were performing "William Tell" in Paris they had an empty house. The actress came forward and said: "I see—the proverb is reversed. Today it is no money, plenty of Swiss."

We speak of carrying coals to Newcastle when we wish to designate the absurdity of sending something to where there is superfluity; in Russia they speak of sending snow to Lapland and in Germany of dispatching deals to Norway.

In Holland, when they desire to say that a man is in his element, they describe him as being like a goat in Norway.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Anecdote of Jenny Lind.

When Jenny Lind was in Edinburgh in the year 1865, she was one day purchasing songs in a music seller's in Prince street. The attendant who served her, a young man, not knowing who stood before him, asked if she had yet been to hear the great "Jenny Lind." The question being answered in the affirmative, and he in turn being asked by this stranger if he had heard the "Swedish Nightingale," he replied that, much though he desired to hear her, the very high prices of the tickets were far beyond his slender income. Jenny Lind then asked him to play the accompaniment to the song which she held in her hand. Quite unconscious of everything but the sweet notes which poured forth from this stranger's throat, the young man played on. At the close the singer turned round, bade him adieu, and with the words, "Now you have heard Jenny Lind," walked out of the saloon, without waiting for a word of thanks from the astonished youth.—Leeds Mercury.

### Monkey Held for a Crime.

A monkey exhibited at a museum established at Tacubaya, Mexico, was condemned to be shot under judicial sentence. It seems that the animal bit a man, who died from the results of the bite. The family of the deceased brought complaint before a judge, who was foolish enough to institute criminal proceedings against the monkey and sentenced him to be shot. Luckily the manager of the museum brought influence to bear and succeeded in obtaining a change of the sentence to perpetual imprisonment. The monkey is now enduring the punishment of his crime behind the bars of an iron cage at the museum.—Chicago Herald.

## Battle with a Whale.

The whaling steamer Lizzie N., of Provincetown, Mass., Capt. West, which has been engaged in the finback whale fishery on the eastern coast, when about fifteen miles east southeast from Seguin island, off the coast of Maine, saw a large lone whale of that species, and attempted its capture. A boat was lowered and manned by Capt. West, his mate and four seamen. Capt. West, with a large, heavy whale gun, in which was an explosive bomb lance, took the breach of the boat, while the mate steered. When the boat was near enough to warrant a shot Capt. West fired the gun, but, as the sea was rough, the motion of the boat destroyed the accuracy of the aim. The whale was badly wounded, but not in any vital part. The whale then made for the boat, and in passing under it struck it with his flukes, throwing it some thirty feet into the air, with its crew.

As the boat descended the whale again struck it with his tail and completely demolished the boat and killed one of the crew, cutting him completely in two. The whale then commenced to bite and strike with his tail at the pieces of the boat, killing two more men, Neal Olsen and Chris Johnson, who were supporting themselves on pieces of the wreck. Capt. West, the mate and the other men were safely taken aboard the steamer and another boat was lowered to capture the monster. Then the whale attacked the steamer. By a quick turn of the rudder the steamer cleared him by a few feet. This occurred a second time. By throwing over a large cask at which the whale, thinking it was the ship, kept bucking away, the captain was enabled to get a shot with the bomb lance, and finally the whale was killed.—Boston Transcript.

### Among Gloucester Fishermen.

Thriftness is uncommon among Gloucester fishermen; drunkenness is almost unknown; harmless banter and bellowing boasting are the nearest approach to brawls. There is a tender heartedness among them that is remarkable and almost pathetic. Many go away that never come back. Stand here, if you will, at these crowded wharves and watch the arrival and departure of fishing fleets, and if you have a heart you will feel something heavy in your throat. The old mothers and fathers, the younger brothers and sisters, the wives and wee fishers' children, are all here, score on score. They are trying to look brave as the vessels sail out. There is pride and loyal valor in their faces. They shout and shout to the departing ones, who send it all back in good measure, every manner of good cheer and sea lore for luck. As the schooners clear the harbor, out past Ten Pound island, some will run away around the harbor edge, as if to keep company to the last. But those who stay, leaning far out over the dark bulkheads, look fixedly on and on until the white sails disappear behind cruel Norman's Woe, or sink behind the horizon; and if you can see in their eyes as they at last turn to the little home spot for the weeks or months of dreary waiting, there is unutterable sadness behind the quivering lids.—Edgar L. Wakeman in New York Mail and Express.

### Material for Successful Engineers.

A number of our leading railway shops are taking in "engineering students," bright young men who come from the technical schools to learn the practical side of railway mechanics, and who enter as apprentices. They receive slightly more pay than the ordinary apprentices, but their wages are still merely nominal. The experience has been that when engineering students have been thus received, the benefit is mutual. These young men come into the shops fresh from their mathematics and their drawing tables, and while they absorb all that they can of the practicalities of their chosen work, they are found to be very useful by their employing officers, because of their familiarity with mechanical theory and drawing. There are not a few master mechanics in the country who are invaluable in their places—first class men in every respect—but who, in early life, had not the advantages of education which this younger generation of students has had, and they find many directions in which these educated young fellows are made useful. Especially useful are these students as a detail for special work of investigation. They are well equipped for such work, and they know how to make a good report on the same.—Railway Review.

### A Trio of Eights.

It happens only once in a century when a triplet of figures can marshal themselves before the human understanding, and I presume those who are fond of dates will see much that is suggestive in this. Assuredly there is the sound of fleeting time, the tick tick of a clock, the "going, going, gone" of fate in those three eights of 1888. They actually give me the shivers, while in appearance it is the most awkward array of numbers I can remember to have outlined. How much jauntier 1777 looks! And as to 1899, it is as graceful as if composed of comets. However, it is no use worrying about what cannot be helped; but if I had my way one of those fat eights should be bounced.—Boston Herald.

### The Mammoth Cave's Rival.

There is a cave on Gran Bethuram's place, seven miles from Mount Vernon, which nearly equals the celebrated Mammoth cave in proportions and fully so in curiosities. In it are several lakes and ponds, in which fish without eyes are found in abundance. It is a mass of caverns, some of which are from seventy-five to 100 feet high. A party of ladies and gentlemen recently got lost in the labyrinth of the caverns, and several hours elapsed before they found their way out. A party from this place are preparing to fully explore the cave, and if arrangements can be completed they will probably start soon, prepared to make their explorations complete.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Suit Against Gordon's Estate.

The British government having betrayed Gordon to his death at Khartoum, the Egyptian government has now repudiated and disowned the bills drawn on it by him during the siege, to the amount of \$200,000, and the holders have begun suit against Gordon's private estate for payment.—New York Tribune.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

### Hereditary Deafness.

For several months Professor Bell has been going deep into his researches on the subject of hereditary deafness. He has conducted a wonderfully large correspondence with people in all parts of the world to hunt up every scintilla of evidence necessary to trace out genealogies. He will eventually make public his discoveries, showing hereditary deafness in the same line of descent for 200 years. The professor has also constructed a valuable machine for talking with deaf mutes. It is something like the typewriter in theory, having a keyboard which turns up big, plain letters in such a way as to construct a word, and to facilitate conversation.—Chicago Times.

### WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom and the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

### Relics of Mound Builders.

The region around Plainfield, Ind., is very rich in relics of the Mound Builders and of later Indians, and almost every week some farmer brings into town a collection of stone implements, rude ornaments and pieces of ancient pottery which have been dug up on his farm. The most recent discovery was that of an immense spear head of slate, which must have been wielded by some giant of prehistoric times.—New York Evening World.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed and recommended by eminent physicians, and is taken with perfect safety by old and young. Its cleansing and vitalizing effects are sure and speedy, and it is universally conceded to be the most effective of all blood purifiers.

### Facts About Telescopes.

"Oh, no, sailors are not the only persons who purchase telescopes," said a retailer in optical goods to a reporter recently. "A great number are being sold now. You would be surprised if you knew how many there are in this city who take an interest in star gazing, and a great many gentlemen have some very fine telescopes mounted in a small observatory on the roof of their house. The sale of telescopes is rather on the increase than the decrease. Yachting is getting more popular every year, and every yachtsman, even if he only has a small catboat, must have a telescope." "What do they cost?"

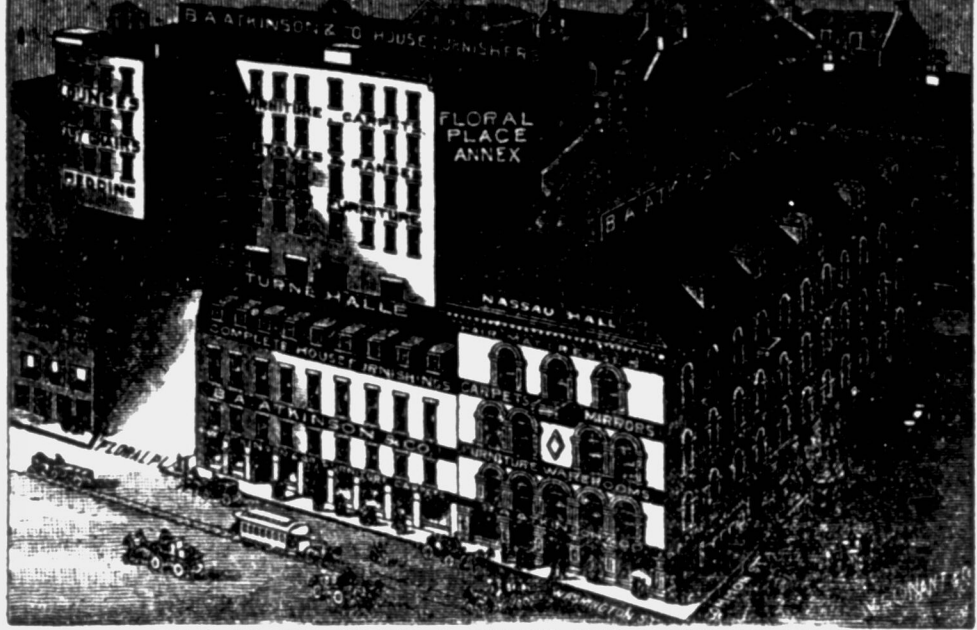
"Any price you like. I can give you one for \$1, and I can make you one for just as much money as you like to give. The most popular kind just now is mounted on a black or tan leather case. It will shut up into about six inches of space and only costs \$25."—New York Mail and Express.

Salvation Oil, the celebrated American remedy, is guaranteed to cure rheumatism, sore throat, swellings, bruises, burns and frost-bites. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

### The Interior of Japan.

There are no homes nestled down in copest of wood, or mansions surrounded by lordly parks. The music of no distant church bell reaches and lulls me, nor does the carol of the mountain herdsman, the chants des vaches, come in wavy deliciousness from any distant lofty pasture. But in place of these one looks upon mountains cutting the sky with lofty cones green to the very summit, and clothed in a wealth of forests far up the sloping sides—ranges of hills from 1,000 to 5,000 feet high, not stretching in fatiguing sameness, but notched, broken, bent, in short, graceful curves, then lifting into sharp points never the same in any direction, and never hurting the eye by rocky coldness or sandy or brown barrenness. But few peaks exist in the land so lofty as to reach beyond the line of vegetation. When the tree line is passed there comes grassy verdure no luxuriant that the tallest heights seemed clothed in emerald velvet. One looks far up narrow valleys, which elsewhere would be wild gorges, and sees them terraced far into their depths and variegated with various crops in all stages of maturity, from those but lately planted and freshly green to others golden and ready for the sickle. Every mountain slope, every mountain gorge, is thus terraced as far up as streams offer opportunity for the irrigation.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

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A CRUSHED PLUSH PARLOR SUITE, 7 pieces complete, in one color or a combination of colors, walnut frames, striped edges, and a suite that is made to stand hard wear. We consider the suite, at the price, one of the special bargains in our store. **\$50.00.**

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